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NATIONAL REVIEW

PETITION FOR PARDON

Print or type legibly

Relief sought: (check one)

☐ Reduction of Prison Sentence Only

☐ Remission of Fine Only

☐ Reduction of Prison Sentence and Remission of Fine

☒ Other MOVING ON

Petitioner, WILLIAM (First Name) SEFFERSON (Middle) CLINTON (Last), in seeking clemency, states that he was born on 8/19, 19 46, and has Social Security No. —

Petitioner, was convicted on a plea of NOT GUILTY (guilty, not guilty, nolo contendere) of the crime of:

PARDONING INTERNATIONAL FUGITIVE DRUG KINGPIN, SWINDLER, ARKANSAS RIFF-RAFF & BROTHER ROGER

(Describe the offense(s) of which you were convicted; provide citation of statute(s) violated, if known.)

DENIED

JOHN O'SULLIVAN • JAY NORDLINGER
BYRON YORK

In this paragraph list every [illegible] resulting in a conviction for each incident [illegible] offense charged, law enforcement authority involved, [illegible] disposition, if known, and sentence, if any.

Petitioner's criminal record, other than the [illegible] case, is as follows:

IMPEACHED FOR PERJURY & OBSTRUCTION OF JUSTICE; $ 900,000 SEXUAL HARASSMENT SETTLEMENT; FINED FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT; LAW LICENSE SUSPENDED

Petitioner requests that he be granted clemency for the following reasons:

BECAUSE

The statements contained herein are true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I understand that any misstatements of material fact contained herein may subject me to criminal prosecution and/or cause adverse action on my petition for executive clemency.

William

Signature of Petitioner

3/19/01

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ LETTERS ■

THE REAL McCAIN

In his zeal to condemn Sen. John McCain, Richard Lowry mischaracterizes the purpose of Citizens Against Government Waste ("A Spoiler's Crusade," Feb. 19). His article implies that there is a relationship between soft money and a letter Sen. McCain signed on behalf of CAGW.

Here's what is true: Sen. McCain, as a member of CAGW's Board of Governors, agreed to sign a fundraising letter on CAGW's behalf, telling potential members about our mission and trying to interest them in joining. This had nothing to do with raising soft money because CAGW is nonpartisan and nonprofit. We have never raised money for any campaign purposes, supported candidates, or operated a PAC. Lowry's attack is simply false.

Additionally, Lowry implies the letter oversimplified the threat to U.S. national security caused by misallocation of defense dollars in unnecessary pork-barrel spending. In fact, such spending is indeed a threat to men and women in the military, and contributes to their poor living conditions and low morale. That does indeed affect our children's lives.

Tom Schatz
President
Citizens Against Government Waste
Washington, D.C.

RICHARD LOWRY REPLIES: *Any political funding that is not regulated "hard" money donated to a federal candidate is, in effect, unregulated "soft" money. I certainly didn't mean to imply that there is anything wrong with McCain writing such a letter for CAGW, an organization that, under McCain-Feingold, would be ensnared in new regulations because it engages in "public communication." Writing such a letter is a perfectly appropriate activity—which is why it's so mystifying that he would want to ban it.*

WRONG IMAGE

As a political moderate, I read articles by Richard Lowry ("'Conservative' and 'Racist,'" Feb. 5) and Ward Connerly ("A Battle, and an Opportunity," also Feb. 5) on the John Ashcroft nomination with eagerness. Both authors made reasonable points about the excesses of the left wing. But I cannot condone your decision to use the magazine's cover to compare the political brawl over Ashcroft and Linda Chavez to one of the most appalling chapters in American history. Lynch mobs cost numerous African Americans their lives, and any suggestion that overheated political rhetoric approaches the same scale of damage does a disservice to those who perished at the hands of lynchers.

Scott C. Heald
Dedham, Mass.

AFTER SCHOOL

I enjoy reading NATIONAL REVIEW whenever I get the chance. My grandmother subscribes, and I read through the most recent editions during family get-togethers or whenever I find myself at her house. I started by picking up random magazines to look through because I was bored, but soon grew especially fond of NR.

As a freshman in a private high school, I think the idea of eliminating homework, as discussed in the Jan. 22 book review "Training for Life" (John D. Gartner), is a mistake. I see the mandatory two hours or more of homework that I receive every night as a responsibility and, if I complete it, a proof that I am disciplined enough to go out on my own and survive in the world.

Cameron Kasten
Wichita, Kan.

MISLABELED

A tiny, piddling comment. Surely you know where the mailing label is affixed on the covers of NR for us subscribers. Frequently the label obscures some part of the artwork or story headlines. Far be it from me to suggest layout changes, but this has sort of bugged me in the past. For example, on the Feb. 19 cover I saw "John McCain's Angry" and had to peel back the label to see that it was a "Crusade." A minor difference, perhaps, in this case, but you get my point, right?

Jodi Emmer
Gainesville, Fla.

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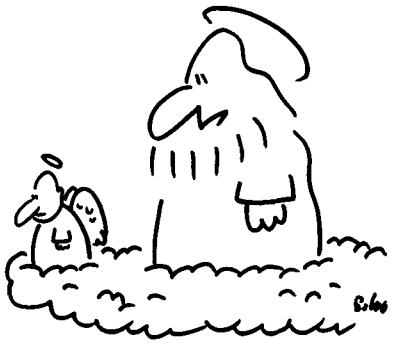
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ **Grover Norquist** of Americans for Tax Reform, in *New York Times*: "If **Bush** gets his $1.6 trillion [tax cut], two things happen—his stature and power in town is greatly enhanced and it makes the rest of his agenda more likely to pass." . . . **Helen Thomas** of Hearst Newspapers, at President Bush's first press conference: "Why do you refuse to respect the wall between the church and state? And you know that the mixing of religion and government for centuries has led to slaughter. I mean, the very fact that our country has stood in good stead by having a separation—why do you break it down?"

■ White House counsel **Alberto R. Gonzales**, on picking judges, in *National Journal*: "Now, the No. 1 consideration is your character and competence. By competence [Bush] means, what is your judicial philosophy? That will always be the No. 1 criterion. But all things being equal, diversity has been and will be a factor in making a decision about who should be sitting on the federal bench." . . . Chief Justice **William Rehnquist**: "I consider the need to increase judicial salaries to be the most pressing issue facing the judiciary today." Federal trial judges make $145,000, appellate judges $153,900, associate Supreme Court justices $178,300, and the chief justice $186,300. . . . Yale law professor **Stephen Carter** may win $4 million contract for two novels, "one of which is a thriller about a conservative black judge whose bid for a seat on the Supreme Court is undermined when secrets from his past are discovered," according to *Chronicle of Higher Education*. . . . Justice **Clarence Thomas**, in address at American Enterprise Institute's annual dinner: "The insistence on civility in the form of our debates has the perverse effect of cannibalizing our principles, the very essence of a civil society. That is why civility cannot be the governing principle of citizenship or leadership."

■ NAACP chairman **Julian Bond** tells *Baltimore Sun* that Bush administration "selected nominees from the Taliban wing of American politics, appeased the wretched appetites of the extreme right wing, and chose cabinet officials whose devotion to the Confederacy is nearly canine in its uncritical affection." . . . House majority leader **Dick Armey**, in letter to NAACP's **Kweisi Mfume**: "I believe there is a phenomenon in American politics today that could justly be called 'racial McCarthyism' or 'reverse race-baiting.' . . . [I]f left unchallenged, this practice will . . . do untold harm in the lives of real people who are unjustly accused of conspiracy against the civil rights of African Americans."



"I ran out of material, so I had to give them feet of clay."

■ Gore campaign chief **Bill Daley** on pardon of **Marc Rich**, in *New York Times*: "It's terrible, devastating, and it's rather appalling." . . . **Bill Clinton** defends pardon in conversation with **Geraldo Rivera**, according to notes Rivera read on air: "There's not a single, solitary shred of evidence that I did anything wrong. . . . I was blindsided by this." . . . Fox News poll: 55 percent consider pardon "abuse of power," 32 percent call it "typical." . . . Gallup poll: Clinton's "unfavorable" rating hits 55 percent, up from 41 percent in December.

■ In closed-door meeting, AFL-CIO president **John Sweeney** says recruitment "numbers are totally unsatisfactory," according to *New York Times*: "[I]f we don't begin to turn this around quickly and almost immediately, the drift in the other direction is going to make it virtually impossible to continue to exist as a viable institution and to have any impact on the issues we care about." . . . **Ralph Nader** expects Green party to field as many as 80 House candidates next year, reports *The Nation*. . . . **Dick Gephardt**, on last year's House races, in *New York Times*: "In retrospect, if we had a little wind at the top of the ticket, it would have helped some of those close races." . . . Senate minority leader **Tom Daschle**, on Democrats failing to keep White House: "We are only beginning to fully appreciate the magnitude of the loss in terms of our ability to articulate a message throughout the country." . . . Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.) describes self, according to *Palm Beach Post*, as "vice president of the government in exile."

■ Bestselling children's author **Philip Pullman**, in *Washington Post*: "I'm trying to undermine the basis of Christian belief." . . . **Ward Connerly** considers pushing California ballot initiative to ban state from collecting information on race, ethnicity, and national origin. . . . New Mexico state Rep. **Miguel Garcia** (D.) proposes changing state name to Nuevo Mexico, but bill fails in committee despite more than 20 cosponsors. Concludes Garcia, according to Santa Fe *New Mexican*: "There might be a semblance of racism within our state legislature."

■ Number of American college students who study abroad in Cuba jumps 172 percent since 1997, reports Institute of International Education. . . . Russian president **Vladimir Putin**: "We are aware of statements made by certain representatives of the West we can read who are trying to recreate the image of Russia as the evil empire, even though it doesn't scare us anymore." . . . North Korea says it may resume long-range missile testing. . . . Pakistan says it may put nuclear warheads on submarines.

■ Washington, D.C.'s new cardinal **Theodore McCarrick** on what he was thinking when Pope **John Paul II** gave him his red hat, in *New York Times*: "I hope I don't trip when I go back down the stairs." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ A check of our records reveals that Robert Hanssen, the apparent FBI straight arrow and accused spy, took out a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW soon after his espionage allegedly began. We are sorry whenever our arguments fail to convince a reader, though we are glad that reading them is taken to be a sign of patriotism.

■ In an extraordinary *New York Times* Op-Ed piece, Bill Clinton attempted to explain why he pardoned fugitive tax-evader and traitor Marc Rich. Clinton regurgitated the arguments made to him by Jack Quinn, the former White House counsel who represents Rich: the charges were excessive, two respected tax experts said Rich did nothing wrong, etc. None of it washed. Answering the ex-president in the *Washington Post*, Rich prosecutor Morris Weinberg cited the dozens of witnesses who would have testified in detail about Rich's financial wrongdoing. Weinberg also pointed out that the two tax experts who exonerated Rich were hired by none other than Marc Rich himself. And then there was Clinton's biggest whopper of all. "The case for the pardons," Clinton wrote, "was reviewed and advocated . . . by three distinguished Republican attorneys." As it turned out, none of the "distinguished Republicans" reviewed or advocated the pardon case. And now the scandal has expanded to include the pardons of Glenn Braswell and Carlos Vignali, among others. Clinton's spin on those? Maybe he'll tell us in the *Times*.

■ President Carter has called Clinton's pardon of Rich a "disgrace." For this, many people have applauded and sighed. It is good that the Sunday-school-teaching Sage of Plains has found his moral voice. But he had never really been heard from on the subject of his Democratic successor. Bill Clinton was sworn in in January 1993. For the next eight years, he committed abuses unseen since Nixon, and little seen before then. Those abuses reached a crescendo when he used a 21-year-old White House intern for sex in the Oval Office; then committed perjury about it; and obstructed justice and tampered with witnesses. Many people—almost all in the Republican party—opposed this behavior and condemned it. Members of the House actually impeached Clinton, at great political risk. They were backed by just about no one among the Democrats, including the former president. And eight years after Clinton was sworn in, Jimmy Carter finds an occasion to call a Clinton action disgraceful—and it was one measly pardon. His late hit is, in a way, disgraceful itself.

■ A—what's the collective noun? "pride"? —of billionaires has come out in support of the estate tax, which prevents the moderately rich (though not, of course, the super-rich) from bequeathing financial security to their heirs. Some 120 of America's wealthiest have published a petition urging that the tax be preserved. Now, there is hardly any more fundamental human motivation than the desire for one's children to live better than oneself. Some unknown, but surely large, component of America's entrepreneurial vitality springs from that motivation. Successful people do not necessarily want their children to wallow in idle luxury, but they do want them to be free of money worries. The desire of the petitioners—folk like George Soros, Warren Buffett, and Ben Cohen of Ben & Jerry's ice cream—to maintain a confiscatory tax regime on farmers and small businessmen is arrogant and antisocial. They themselves are, of course, at liberty to give as much money to the Treasury as they wish. The rest of us should be allowed to pass the comparatively little we have been able to accumulate (and that has already, of course, been taxed at least once) on to those we love.

■ Since 1994, a majority of governors have been Republicans. But the National Governors' Association is still dominated by liberals, as evidenced by its recent proposal on Medicaid. The governors want to be allowed to expand coverage without being hampered by federal restrictions. Don't be fooled by the federalist rhetoric the governors are using. Under their plan, the federal government would continue to pay for most Medicaid expenses, so the result would be increased dependence on Washington. Increasingly, the NGA is acting like a cartel designed to shield the governors from the competition and accountability that true federalism entails. Where are the trustbusters when you need them?

■ Public-school educators apparently will do anything to fend off school choice, even if it means they have to work at raising their students' test scores. That's the lesson from Florida, which has promised vouchers to students attending schools that receive two F grades from the state during a four-year period. A Manhattan Institute report shows that schools earning a failing mark in 1999—and therefore faced with the imminent prospect of a voucherized student population—posted impressive test-score gains the next year. Fear is indeed a powerful motivator. The study undercuts the teacher-union claim that school choice hurts public schools. On the contrary, Florida shows that the mere threat of choice improves student performance. Just imagine what the real thing might do.

■ Madison and Hamilton, along with the rest of the Founders, assumed that the states would retain their "sovereign immunity" under the Constitution. They could not be sued in federal courts. When the Supreme Court held that a state could be sued by a citizen of another state, the Eleventh

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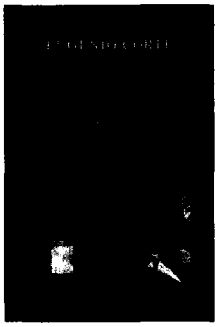

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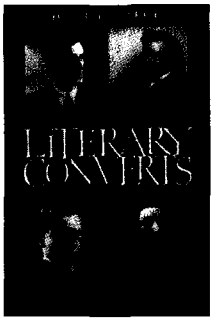

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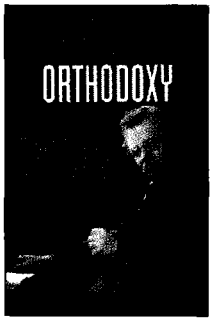

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Amendment was swiftly and easily passed to reverse its decision. But the amendment, designed as it was to correct a specific erroneous decision of the Court, did not address whether a state could be sued in federal court by one of its own citizens. In several cases, the modern Supreme Court has reasoned that these suits, too, must be barred. In February, the Court held that state workers therefore cannot sue state governments under the Americans with Disabilities Act. Because the letter of the Eleventh Amendment does not cover the case, liberals have charged the Court with "conservative activism." But this is no judicial leap in the dark. The Court has not divined "emanations" from the Constitution, nor has it nullified the ADA altogether. It has made a reasonable and limited inference from the structure and history of the Constitution. If only Congress had been as careful when it wrote the law.

■ When the U.S.S. *Greeneville* accidentally sank a Japanese fishing boat, there were civilians in the control room. The Navy rightly believes in public relations. According to a Navy report, however, the civilians on the sub "interfered" with the commander and his crew. At the same time, the commander and the deck officer were at fault for allowing their operations to be interfered with. The United States is right to apologize to the Japanese government. It should also apologize to the families of the dead, and mete out appropriate punishment to the officers for their fecklessness.

■ The cool, dispassionate Al Hunt, columnist for the *Wall Street Journal* and talking head for CNN, has been calling Rep. Dan Burton "crazy" and "loopy." So, what else is new? As Byron York points out elsewhere in this issue, Burton is finally getting some respect in Washington, even though Burton-haters we will always have with us. It is nonetheless worth pausing to note the crudity of Hunt's rhetoric. Our copy of the DSM-IV doesn't have entries for "conservative" or "Clinton investigator." But maybe the bullying Hunt has insights into insanity that escape the rest of us.

Hillary's Upset, Too

As Mary Jo White, livid, looks
Like Gretel just before she cooks
(With sous-chef Hansel at her side)
A trussed-up wicked witch; the ride
Bill Clinton's on accelerates
Like hapless Casey's, while the fates,
All three, stare, mouths agape, at Hugh—
A pardon-pimp until things blew.

—W. H. von Dreele

■ The Russians say, "Never trust an eyewitness." Americans should say, "Never trust a Russian arms negotiator." It's a maxim that someone at the State Department had better heed. Colin Powell had one of those "candid, but friendly" meetings with Russian foreign minister Igor Ivanov the other day, at which they agreed to call each other by their first names and to convene arms-control experts from both countries to discuss missile defense. Russia's avowed willingness to explore theater-missile defense—defense against medium- and short-range missiles—has played in the press as movement toward the U.S. position. It's not. First, Vladimir Putin has been making similar sounds for about a year. Second, the idea is conceived as a wedge to split the U.S. from its NATO allies nervous about a full-blown American missile defense. And third, it represents another way to delay serious talks about amending or (better) junking the ABM treaty—which does not apply to theater defenses—and to string along the U.S., as the Russians did so effortlessly during the Clinton administration. The Bushies shouldn't fall for it. They should decide to break ground immediately on the Alaska-based system that Clinton proposed, both to keep the system on schedule for a deployment by 2005 and to send an unmistakable message to the Russians about America's resolve on the issue, which should work wonders on Moscow's negotiating posture. Finally, then, Colin and Igor might really have something to talk about.

■ The committee charged with selecting a host city for the 2008 Olympic Games was in Beijing recently. The roadside grass was spray-painted green for them, smokestack industries were shut down for the duration of the visit, and beggars and migrant workers were rounded up and hustled off to temporary holding camps in the countryside. The regime did the same in the early '90s, when they were bidding to host the 2000 Games. Their continuing efforts raise the perennial question: Will giving the Chinese their way on this matter strengthen the current dictatorship, or will it lead to more opening and liberalization, ultimately weakening the Communist Party's grip? You can argue it both ways, but there is no doubt which view the Chinese authorities hold: They see the hosting of the Olympics as a huge propaganda prize, and a great boost to their legitimacy. Given the risk that they are right—and given that they are now conducting another roundup of dissidents, savagely persecuting the peaceful Falun Gong sect, and launching a renewed campaign against Buddhism in Tibet—their bid should be opposed.

■ The war in Sudan has been going on for 17 years, and has taken 2 million lives. Up to now there has been no great outcry for the United States to do anything much about it. No doubt this is due mainly to the fact that not one American in a hundred could locate Sudan on a map. It is also the case, though, that the realities of Sudan's long civil war do not fit comfortably with the ruling victimological ethos of our society. Yes, those who are suffering the worst are the blacks of southern Sudan. They cannot be considered true victims, however, because they are also Christians (the Episcopal

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And Now: The British

Gerald A. Dorfman is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

The presidential election was so absorbing that few have noticed that our closest ally, Britain, is getting ready for its own national election. British politics is always fascinating and sometimes provides a lead, as when Margaret Thatcher took office in 1979 a year and a half before Ronald Reagan. The ideas known as "Thatcherism" still heavily influence politics in both countries.

Britain's election this year should prove quite instructive for Americans. The opposition Conservative Party is hoping to win using President Bush's theme of "compassionate conservatism." But at this point, political analysts expect the Conservatives to fail by a wide margin. Why? **What currently makes British politics so different from American politics?**

Both countries followed similar paths after World War II, first by embracing the managed economy and the welfare state and then by accepting the new conservatism of Thatcher and Reagan, which produced significant political change in each country.

Bill Clinton and then Tony Blair, however, masterfully led Democratic and Labour Party resurgences. Taking up electorally attractive Reagan-Thatcher conservative agendas, Clinton and Blair succeeded in arguing that only the Democratic and Labour Parties could govern conservatively with a caring face. Republicans and British Conservatives were politically outflanked. Further, prosperity in both countries made it even more difficult for them to regain power.

George W. Bush's election, however close, was thus indeed remarkable. Many aspects of the campaign went his way, but a key element was how skillfully he used the theme of "compassionate conservatism" to turn the tables on the Democrats and win over just enough independent voters.

"Compassionate conservatism" should therefore be a good recipe for British Conservatives. Indeed, British Conservatives have been pressing this message for a year. But as of now it looks like Tony Blair and Labour will enjoy a big win. Why?

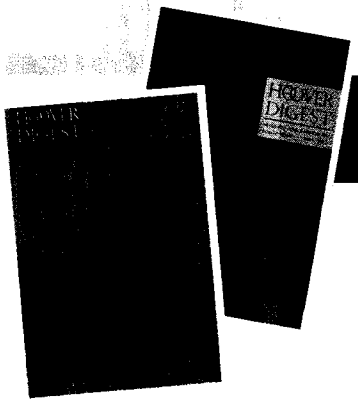
The answer may well be a matter of timing. **One of the many factors that decide elections is the political life cycle;** elected governments often become old and vulnerable. In part, the political life cycle hurt the Republicans in 1992 after their twelve years in the White House. Furthermore, the Conservatives in Britain showed a lack of ideas, talent, integrity, and just plain "steam" after eighteen straight years in power—and were defeated overwhelmingly in 1997.

Conversely, the Republicans in 2000 showed their hunger and zest to return to power after eight years out, while the Democrats were clearly less energized. But the Conservatives in Britain, who have been out of power less than four years, are still squabbling among themselves about philosophy, policies, and leadership. They look like 1996 Republicans, whereas Tony Blair's Labour Party is imitating Democrats and Bill Clinton in 1996.

We are always learning more about politics, and Britain's upcoming election may offer another lesson. Of the many factors affecting elections, the political life cycle can be very important, especially when policy differences between the political parties are slight, as they have been in this era.

— Gerald A. Dorfman

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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cathedral in Lui was leveled last December). Furthermore, their persecutors are Muslims. There is also the delicate matter of slavery, one of the main horrors being visited on the unfortunate southern Sudanese. It is polite to mention slavery in this country only when the slavemasters are white Europeans. But more and more groups of Americans are willing to speak out for those who are suffering, on grounds of simple humanity. The new administration should, at a minimum, act to bring the disgraceful policies of the Sudan government to the world's attention and to prevent U.S. and U.N. funds from going to finance their brutality.

■ The wives of Russian leaders have always been reliable sources of entertainment on a rainy day, from the cubic Nina Khrushchev in her trademark black dresses to Raisa Gorbachev's never-quite-successful straining after glamour and intellectual distinction. Now a friend of Lyudmila Putin has given us some of her girl talk. "Unfortunately, my husband is a vampire," complained Russia's First Lady enigmatically, declining to elaborate any further on this particular point, and leaving us all straining to spot tooth marks on her neck. She allowed, however, that: "He's the right man for me. He doesn't drink and he doesn't beat me." For his own part, Vlad is reported to have said: "Anyone who can spend three weeks with Lyudmila deserves a monument." Ah, Russia—the land of low expectations.

■ If universities are not allowed to manipulate admissions standards to get black and Hispanic students in, some of them seem prepared to junk the standards altogether. That is the only sense that can be gleaned from a recent speech in which Richard C. Atkinson, the president of the University of California, urged that SAT scores no longer be considered in admissions decisions. He argues that the SAT is discriminatory, or perceived as such, because black and Hispanic kids get lower scores on it than Asians and whites. But the tests he proposes to replace the SAT—and, indeed, all tests that measure scholastic aptitude or educational achievement—are vulnerable to the same objection. He can breeze by this flaw in his argument because his ultimate goal is a "holistic" approach to admissions that allows discrimination in favor of black and Hispanic students. It's easier to fix the standards than to fix the schools, after all.

■ The release of the FBI's annual "Hate Crime Statistics" report is the sort of thing that would make the front page of the *New York Times*, as long as it told an acceptable story of white-on-black violence. But the latest figures, published in February, do no such thing: Blacks are more likely to commit anti-white hate crimes than whites are to commit anti-black ones. Of the 2,554 reported hate crimes that blacks and whites committed against each other in 1999, blacks were the offenders in more than 20 percent. In other words, they are committing about one of every five hate crimes involving a black person and a white person, even though there are more than six white Americans for every black American. This is pretty close to a man-bites-dog news story, but almost nobody in the media has paid any attention. That would be okay if hate-crimes legislation weren't a looming threat. It is a thoroughly bad idea, injecting the specter of thought crime into the justice system. There at least ought to be an honest and open discussion about what the FBI's numbers tell us.

■ The rapper Eminem won three Grammys, though not for his real contribution to entertainment, which is his service to the genre of whiteface. White entertainers and their fans play with aspects of black ghetto culture—thuggishness, misogyny, gay-bashing—that their mostly white critics play at denouncing (they do not denounce black rapper-thugs—that would be racism). Whiteface generates millions of dollars in profits, which is why the Grammy awards ceremony staged a hyped conciliatory duet with Eminem and Elton John. A century and a half ago, P. T. Barnum, casting about for a minstrel-show performer, found a black dancer whom he made up to look like a white man in blackface. This sort of thing is still happening.

■ A weird little milestone was passed last month when the board of San Francisco's Health Service System voted to expand the city-employee health plan to cover sex-change operations. Under the proposal, each person making the switch from male to female or vice versa would be entitled to up to $50,000 over his/her lifetime for surgery, hormone therapy, and other costs. The total bill for the program could run as high as $1.75 million in the first year. Supporters feel that sex-change coverage, expected to be approved soon, is a matter of social justice. "This is very much a civil-rights issue," said one official. "This is about equal benefits for equal work." Civil rights ain't what they used to be. Then again, in this case, "ain't what they used to be" is exactly the point.

■ The invaluable Grover Norquist has suggested putting Ronald Reagan on the ten-dollar bill, in place of Alexander Hamilton. Reagan had a standing joke in which he would say of Napoleon or some other long-dead figure that he not only knew what Napoleon had done, but remembered it personally. The line made light of his age. But it also suggested a man who took the lessons of the past seriously. Rename the Washington airport; add Reagan's face to Mount Rushmore. But knocking a Founding Father off the currency would be a most un-Reaganesque thing to do.

■ In 1968, Harmon Goldstone became chairman of the New York Landmarks Preservation Commission. That year is correctly associated with a variety of destructive cultural trends, but the commission under Goldstone was to be a shield against destruction. Goldstone saw the preservation of historical and architectural landmarks as "an enormously stabilizing force in a city and in a society increasingly rootless and in a state of flux." In a lawsuit that went to the Supreme Court in 1978, the landmarks commission blocked the destruction of Grand Central Station, which has now been restored to stunning effect. It is notable that the young architects who spearheaded the preservation movement were not architectural

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In a Sea of Lies

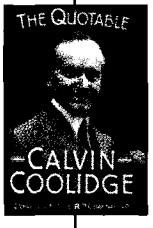
"The death penalty is like Viagra in middle-aged men. Texas uses the death penalty to remember what it was like in those good old cowboy days."

— Geraldo Rivera 6/26/00

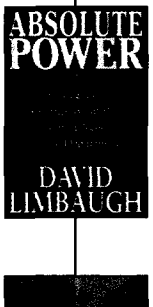
"To be a poor child in Cuba may in many instances be better than being a poor child in Miami."

— *Newsweek*'s Eleanor Clift 4/8/00

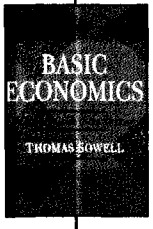
Ronald Reagan: His Life in Pictures – The life and career of the "Great Communicator" is presented in this exciting and informative collection of photographs. Over 340 shots (over 200 of which have never been published) show Reagan from boyhood, his days as an actor, a Governor and President. **Item #5743-99999 • Retail $29.95**



The Quotable Calvin Coolidge – How can "Silent Cal" have a book of quotations? Because he used few words but said an enormous amount about personal freedom and individual liberty, about limited government and lower taxes. Read for yourself the words that moved Reagan and other conservatives to take up arms for our freedoms. **Item #5781 • Retail $19.50**



Absolute Power – David Limbaugh fearlessly reveals how far the Department of Justice has fallen during the misrule of Bill Clinton. We knew Janet Reno was corrupt, but now see how far she went to serve and protect the political interests of Bill Clinton and Al Gore. A stunning and haunting read that no lover of freedom can ignore. **Item #5778 • Retail $27.95**



Basic Economics – Thomas Sowell has written brilliantly on a large range of conservative issues, but economics is his specialty. This one volume, comprehensive economic study contains no jargon, no complex graphs, no unintelligible equations, and, most importantly, is written for conservatives like you. **Item #5681 • Retail $35.00**

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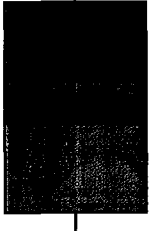

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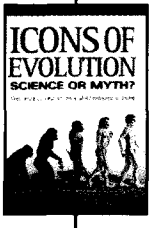

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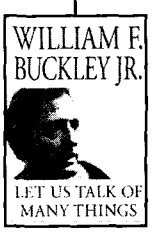

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traditionalists but modernists. Harmon Goldstone died on February 21 at 89. He is buried in the fourth Shearith Israel cemetery in Cypress Hills, in a 19th-century chapel he restored.

THE BUDGET SPEECH

Basic Bush

PRESIDENT BUSH's first speech to Congress was pleasantly boring. It was boring, and pleasantly so, because it was more or less what he has been saying for two years. President Clinton's speeches often contained surprises: policy reversals (as in his 1993 speech, when he went back on his promised middle-class tax cut), ideological jujitsu (as in 1996, when he declared that "the era of big government is over" even as he crowed over his defeat of the Republicans in the budget battles), tactical tricks (as in 1998, when he turned Social Security into a powerful argument against tax-cutting).

What Bush's speeches have lacked in drama they have made up in consistency. His priorities are, as they have always been, tax cuts, defense, education, Social Security, and Medicare. He wants to restrain the growth of the federal government, but has no intention of cutting it. He favors bipartisanship and certain antipoverty initiatives. The mood of his speeches changes with the venue—before the Republican convention, he was tough on his opponents and concerned with character; at his inauguration, he was highfalutin; in front of Congress, he was programmatic—but the underlying message is the same. Like his previous speeches, Bush's address before Congress was nicely written and shrewdly constructed.

In one respect, however, Bush's speech resembled Clinton's before Congress: It was bloated and unreflective, just like the government it surveyed. ("And I propose we make a major investment in conservation by fully funding the Land and Water Conservation Fund.") Today's federal government is so large that it takes an hour to touch on, and only touch on, its major features. Bush's address was Clintonian, too, in its equation of spending levels with commitment: "Values are important, so we have tripled funding for character education."

As a political act, Bush's speech will be judged in light of the success he is universally acknowledged to have enjoyed so far. That success, as is often remarked, reflects the uncommon degree of Republican unity that now obtains. The causes of this unity are that the Republican establishment has become more conservative, and that the conservative movement has become more established. Or to put it another way, both groups have stopped pitting principle and pragmatism against each other. So conservatives, seeing the political landscape with clear eyes, will not object too much if Bush peppers his speech with boasts about how he plans to "double" spending on this program or "triple" spending on that one—especially since much of that increased spending would be happening even if he had not endorsed it.

Other Bush concessions, however, seem unnecessary. Take his pledge to end racial profiling: The goal is utopian (no edict is going to make cops on the beat into blank slates), the attempt to achieve it likely to cost lives, and the political reward for the attempt likely nonexistent. Then there is Bush's annoying habit of jousting with phantoms to his right. "Year after year in Washington, budget debates seem to come down to an old, tired argument," he said. "On one side, those who want more government, regardless of cost; on the other, those who want less government, regardless of need. We should leave those arguments to the last century." It's a rhetorical formula that has by now itself become old and tired.

The hard center of Bush's speech, as of his agenda, was his tax cut. He did a splendid job of deflecting the major Democratic criticisms of it. He went through his litany of spending initiatives, promised to reduce the national debt, established a trillion-dollar "contingency fund" for unforeseen expenses, and only then said he would use the remaining money on tax cuts. This was something less than a first-principles case for the tax cut. But after Bush's presentation, it was hard to suggest that the tax cut was a threat to the public fisc. Dick Gephardt was reduced to sputtering, "If what the president said tonight sounded too good to be true, it probably is." When a politician lays out his entire agenda and his opponents have to concede that it sounds good, he has already won.

Republicans left the speech confident, both because it was the first time anybody had seen a Republican president address a Republican Congress in forty years and because no obvious political vulnerability has been exposed in Bush's program. Bush is in a strong position—for now. Let's hope he knows that politics won't stay pleasantly boring forever.

IRAQ

Autopilot

THE pictures on the news provoked a wave of nostalgia: Colin Powell, George H. W. Bush, and Norman Schwarzkopf in Kuwait, commemorating the tenth anniversary of our liberation of that country from Saddam Hussein. In an age of terrorism and insurgency, it is an increasingly rare thing for one country barefacedly to invade and conquer another. Iraq did it to Kuwait in the summer of 1990; in the winter of 1991 we threw them out.

Now Powell and Schwarzkopf are civilians; George H. W. Bush's son is president, employing Powell as secretary of state. Of the major players, only Saddam Hussein is still where he was.

The first Iraq-related act of the second Bush administration—a bombing of Iraqi sites that was designed, President Bush said, to get Saddam's attention—was an extension of Clinton-era policies, which were themselves an extension of the policies left over from Bush I. Our present Iraq strategy—a "no fly" zone with an embargo—was not intended to be an end in itself. It was meant to weaken and topple the Iraqi regime with a modest nudge, instead of a brutal push. In the chaos following the Gulf War, modest nudges looked as if they might do the trick. But with every passing year, it became clearer that Saddam would endure, and the policy came to be

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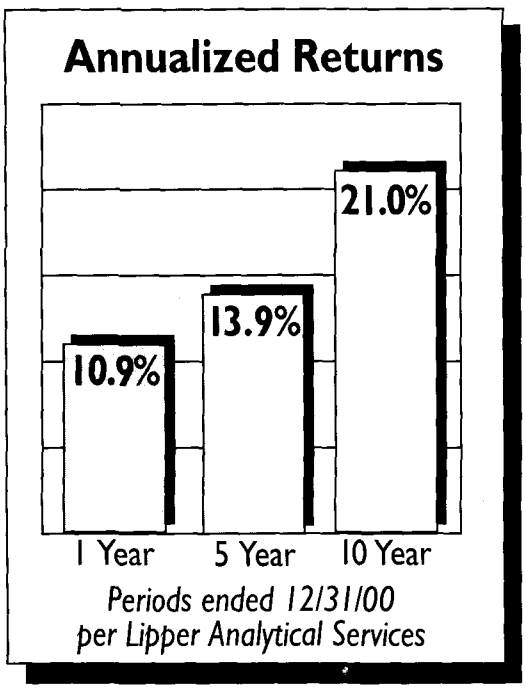

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an end in itself. Its ineffectiveness slowly but surely degrades our prestige, even as the busywork of continuously patrolling Iraqi air space (one of those pointless missions that Republicans talked about during the election) degrades our readiness. But the policy stays in place because it is easier to maintain than to change, and because policymakers hope that the eventual collapse of the policy will happen on someone else's watch.

Colin Powell, responding to the tropisms of a secretary of state, has taken the temper of our allies and proposed "smart sanctions," ostensibly focused on Iraqi oil revenues, allowing food and medicine to reach the Iraqi people. (The Iraqi regime, naturally, has eaten well throughout the entire embargo, and gotten the best of medical care, except when terminal ailments have been inflicted by Saddam himself.) The "no fly" zone would continue. Call this Clinton Lite.

Ardent spirits in the Bush camp, such as Paul Wolfowitz, have called for rollback—recognizing a rebel government based in the northern Kurdish enclave and funding it. This would require us to choose among the anti-Saddam politicians, all in their various ways unpleasant and unreliable, and adopting one or several of them as proconsuls. Another option might be called "distant containment"—assuring Saddam (as Israel assures Syria) that unacceptable behaviors, such as developing certain weapons or massing certain troop formations, will provoke immediate, serious retaliation, without a by-your-leave from allies or the U.N. This would require a sustained intelligence effort, with all its attendant possibilities of error, plus a willingness to go it alone in the court of world opinion. Both options involve difficulty and risk.

It should be recalled that the first Bush team (which, like the present one, included Dick Cheney) misread Saddam's intentions and sent him disastrously bad signals, though it responded well to a crisis. If Bush II keeps following the Clinton strategy, more or less watered down, the administration will guarantee itself a crisis down the road.

MEXICO

Crazy like a . . . ?

PRESIDENTS George W. Bush and Vicente Fox met at the latter's ranch in central Mexico to compare notes and cowboy boots. One of the things they agreed on was to set up an "immigration working group" to discuss the 2.7 million Mexicans who are in the United States illegally. (These people make up more than half of the illegal immmigrant population.)

Fox plainly wants them to stay here, and be joined by friends and relatives. Early in his term, he said that "open borders will take time to phase in"—a formulation, presented as a concession to reality, that expresses a hope. He has ambitious plans for free-market reform in his country, but he naturally wants as few poor people (and as many people sending money back home from America) as possible to deal with. He also faces ongoing unrest in his southern ethnically Indian provinces; the more potential rebels migrate to Tio Sam, the better.

The immigration debate shaping up in Congress is between two guest-worker programs. Rep. Howard L. Berman (D., Calif.) wants to boost guest workers holding H-2A visas from 40,000 to 150,000; to let them apply for legal residency after several years of work here; and to give such residency to illegal workers who are here already. Sen. Phil Gramm (R., Tex.) also wants more guest workers, without a residency option or an amnesty. Both plans would expand the program from agriculture, for which it was traditionally used in the Forties, Fifties, and early Sixties, to other businesses such as restaurants.

Missing from the discussion is the possibility that American agriculture suffers from cheap labor in the long run. As Mark Krikorian of the Center for Immigration Studies pointed out in the *Washington Post*, stoop labor inhibits farmers from mechanization, "dried-on-the-vine" harvesting, and other innovations. Europe is moving ahead of us in modern farming, while we compete with outmoded techniques and a Third World labor force.

President Bush is fond of saying that some people look south and see problems, while he looks south and sees opportunities. He is right to do so. But one of the opportunities is not moving President Fox's problems here.

OBITUARY

Dale Earnhardt, R.I.P.

THE flag at Daytona flies at half-mast in honor of a driver whose final lap in the Daytona 500 was as final as they get. Dale hit the wall at 180 mph, and that was that. A great sport has lost one of its great men; bitter tears must fall.

While we now hear calls for extra safety devices and rules changes that would make the running of races less dangerous, there is no doubt that Dale would want things to go on as they have. While no one (save for the acutely sick) welcomes injury or death, the willingness to risk a trip through the Lonesome Valley in the pursuit of excellence is one of the glories of NASCAR.

It is not the only glory, to be sure. The cars are magnificent machines, capable of producing the power of 750 horses, without a nag among them. Driving these cars at 200 mph in bumper-to-bumper traffic involves the incredible complexity of the human mind and body. But the most glorious aspect of all is the fact that racing represents a total rejection of several negative cultural developments. This fact is quite obvious to anyone who attends a NASCAR event.

Races open with a prayer and a showing of the national colors. Because prayer has now been officially deemed a private ritual, the sight of 100,000 or so bowed heads at a sports event is a reminder of how much religion once infused American life. Pious heads return to earth at the start of the engines. These horses roar. Because sound begets sound, soon enough the audience is roaring as well. This is helped

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along by the fact that race patrons are allowed to bring in their own alcohol—in great contrast to other professional sports, which not only insist that the public pay for stadiums through tax increases, but mercilessly gouge the drinking public.

This spirit of lives lived full is reflected in other ways. A seemingly large portion of the crowd does not make a fetish of counting calories, and should the lights suddenly go out, the red glow of burning tobacco products would fully illuminate the track and allow the race to proceed. All told, if one were to sum up the environment in a phrase, it would be: Up Yours, Surgeon General.

And that is among the most philosophically sound positions a human being can hold. The obsessive fear of death that mars our age—an age in which members of the wealthiest societies in history fear the sun above, the grave below, and the choicest items in the incredible banquet spread before them—finds no favor with the NASCAR crowd.

In earlier days, parents sent their children to college to learn proper philosophy. These days, they'd be better off sending them to the racetrack, where the wise men, living and departed, teach a simple, eternal lesson: Fear not.

Dale Earnhardt is dead—but only a little.

—Dave Shiflett

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: My sister attends Bates College in Maine, and shared with me a delicious new word. It's a hybrid, actually, used to describe many of the students there who choose a ragged, progressive identity despite their genteel prosperity. It's a look achieved through managed self-denial of grooming and shoe repair, a sort of active neglect.

The word is *Trustafarian,* a combination of *trust,* as in trust fund, and *Rastafarian,* as in the rather frazzled-looking Jamaican sect.

I thought you might get a kick out of it.

Your faithful follower,
Robert P. O'Connell
Quincy, Mass.

Dear Mr. O'Connell: Fun, but doubt it will go anywhere.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have just finished reading Jim Friedenbach's letter (Nov. 20, 2000), which he wrote after he had "just finished reading your book *Nearer, My God.*"

I too have spent a rewarding teaching career examining students' work for correctly, or incorrectly, used punctuation in their transcription of dictated material. Now, as a retired teacher, I still cannot read even Bible passages without thinking, "Hmm . . . they could have used a semicolon there"—or something similar.

Mr. Friedenbach's evaluation of your book, however, ignores the basic principle that a skillful writer avoids interrupting a reader with punctuation in material that is understood. He expressed concern about your lack of commas in the nonessential appositive, "my wife Pat." Several grammatical references suggest that *one-word* appositives do not require commas—even though technically nonessential—when those expressions are read as a unit. You done good!

You might enjoy the following paragraph that I used for many years to demonstrate the need for good, appropriate punctuation, taken from a book by William Wyatt entitled *Stalking the Wild Semicolon* (Thresh Publications, Santa Rosa, Calif., 1976):

> Punctuation is. boring and dull and rarely, discussed, very few people. understand the rules and even. fewer care: to understand without punctuation; however written communication becomes! unnecessarily—confusing a road without roadsigns "No" reader. should have to decipher? poorly, punctuated, prose, do you agree:

Sincerely,
Albert N. Pauls
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Mr. Pauls: The august Mr. Friedenbach has surfaced. He lives in Sacramento, and rules with a rod of iron. I greatly enjoy the point you make about the exemption that attaches to one-word appositives. See my next book, *Elvis in the Morning,* where I took that liberty—though come to think of it, I'm not sure "Elvis's girlfriend Joan" quite satisfies the requirements.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: From a devoted reader, please consider a constructive suggestion: Avoid "the likes of" as a term of denigration in articles published in NR. Reason: It has become a cliché, and as such has lost its force.

Yours sincerely,
Duvall Y. Hecht
Newport Beach, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hecht: I could not agree with you more. It isn't only that it is a cliché, it is that it is misleading. The locution has the same problem as: "people like . . ." You might see, e.g., "That was the age of Hitler and Stalin and people like that." People like *what?* As you suggest, "the likes of" has the same problem. "Hollywood abounded with the likes of Walt Disney." But Hollywood did *not* abound with the likes of Walt Disney. No place abounded with the likes of Walt Disney. "Bach was surrounded by the likes of Hans, who sang in the choir before becoming members of the orchestra." That's *okay,* but never "the likes of Bach." Only heaven has the likes of Bach, and *they* shut up when he takes out his harp.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ COVER STORY ■

Dan Burton, Right Again

The congressman who does the job

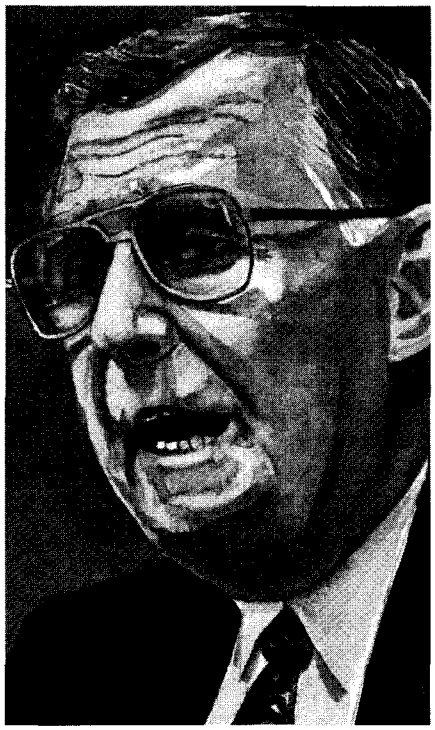
BYRON YORK

MAUREEN DOWD called him a "looney tune." Al Hunt called him a "buffoon." James Carville called him a "kook." And the late Lars-Erik Nelson called him a "wacko."

"Obviously it hurt," says Dan Burton, chairman of the House Government Reform Committee and the target of those jabs—and many more—during the years he spent investigating the campaign-finance scandal. "But I've become impervious to pain. Every time that happened, I became more determined to press ahead and get the facts."

These days Burton is once again pressing ahead as his committee investigates the Clinton pardons scandal. But this go-round is different from years past. While some of the most avid Burton-haters are still around—just the other day Hunt called him "crazy" and "loopy"—Burton is enjoying, in many quarters, a newfound respect. Politicians who once laughed at him now anxiously watch his committee to learn the latest about Pardongate. So do some reporters who never had much use for Burton's findings. And the public seems far more concerned about Bill Clinton's misconduct than the reaction of his critics.

The result is that Burton is able to conduct his investigation without having to fend off personal attacks. For example, when Burton appeared on ABC's *This Week* in late February, host Sam Donaldson asked him 14 detailed questions about the pardon scandal—and not one about Dan Burton personally. The same thing happened on *Meet the Press*. And the *New York Times* editorial page, demanding an extensive congressional investigation into the pardons, wrote, "As Republican Representative Dan Burton, a man for whom this page has had scant praise, said . . . 'We think the American people would like to know how it happened.'"



Dan Burton by John T. Ward

That's an extraordinary change. In 1997, as Burton began to bear down on the campaign-finance issue, he faced a White House eager to use all its intimidating strength against him. When he tried to prod attorney general Janet Reno into mounting a real investigation, the Justice Department instead announced that it was investigating Burton. A Democrat who worked as a lobbyist for the government of Pakistan accused Burton of trying to shake him down for campaign contributions, and even though there was nothing to support the charge, the Justice Department launched a formal probe.

The news gave White House spinners the opportunity to denounce the Burton investigation as tainted. Press coverage followed—the investigator himself was under investigation. And that is where Burton remained until the administration's final week in office, when he received a letter saying the case had been closed for lack of evidence. "They waited until the last breath of Janet Reno before they sent it over," he says.

It was in 1998 that Burton made real breakthroughs. After months of painstaking effort, his staff pieced together the story of the now-infamous 1992 limousine ride in which Indonesian moneyman James Riady pledged $1 million to then-candidate Bill Clinton. Burton's investigators followed the complex series of contributions that ensued as Riady made good on his pledge by laundering payments to the Democratic party through a long list of straw donors.

Burton's progress came without the cooperation of the White House or any key witnesses. "The investigation was mostly subpoenaing records and tracking information," recalls Barbara Comstock, chief counsel for the committee in 1998 and 1999. "That was the only solid evidence that wouldn't lie to us or take the Fifth." In the end, the FBI and the Justice Department's campaign-finance task force used a lot of evidence first uncovered by Burton's team, and Riady, along with John Huang, Charlie Trie, Johnny Chung, and several others, pleaded guilty to various campaign-finance violations.

But Burton faced tremendous opposition. His progress—quiet and mostly unreported in the press—came as the Monica Lewinsky scandal consumed Washington. And even though Burton didn't lead the charge on the Lewinsky issue—he mostly stayed away from it—he was targeted by a White House desperate to discredit any and all Clinton critics. In early September 1998, after a writer for *Vanity Fair* spent months investigating his life, Burton was forced to acknowledge that he had fathered a child with a woman with whom he had an extramarital affair in the early 1980s. Burton, who had long since told his wife, decided to make the news public himself rather than let the damaging revelation come out in the magazine.

The congressman was, by all accounts, anguished and embarrassed—and determined to go on. But the damage to his investigation was real: Dan Burton, who once famously called Bill Clinton a "scumbag," was just another Republican hypocrite.

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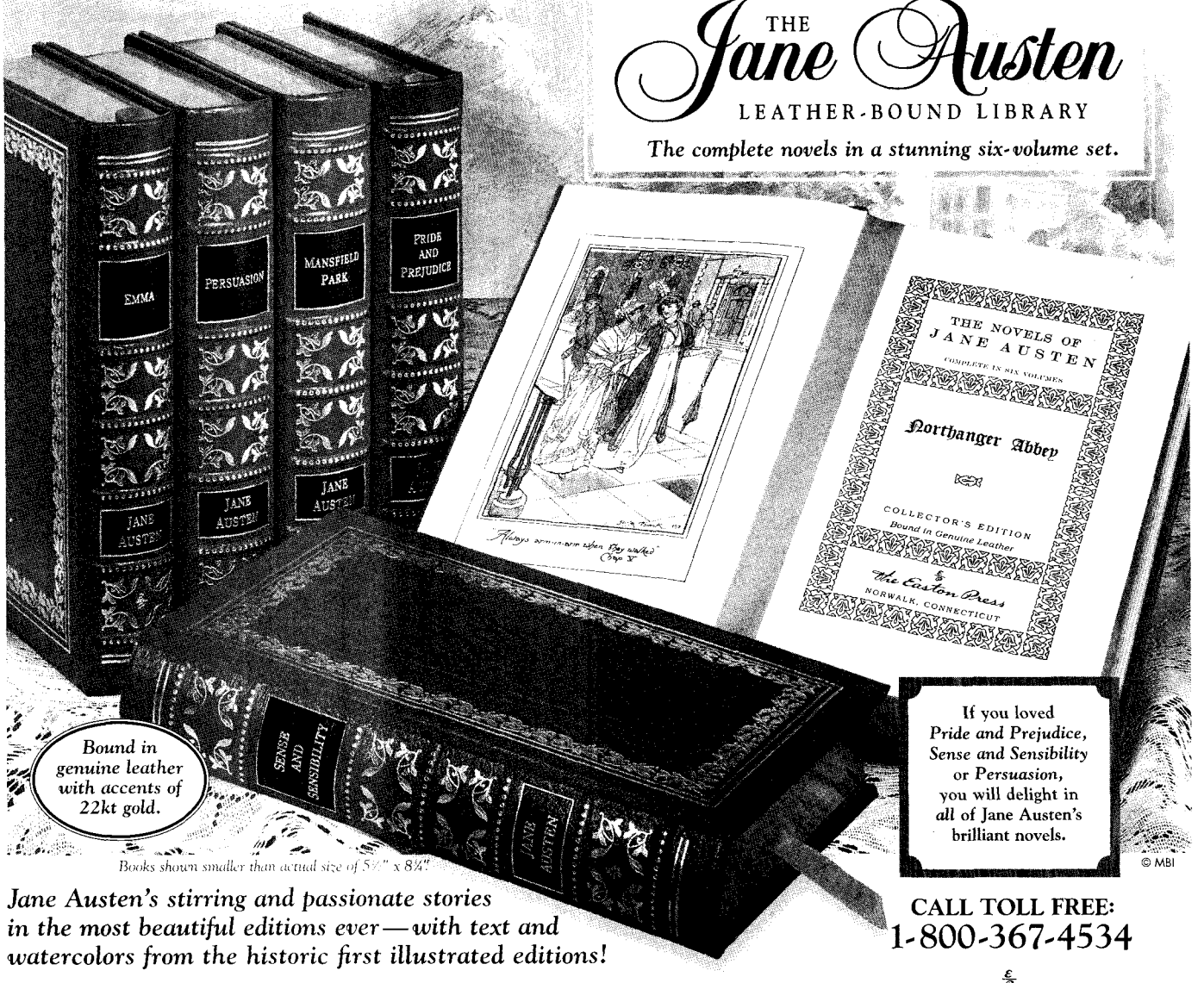

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When he wasn't dealing with the White House and the Justice Department, Burton had to contend with the man who sat next to him on the Government Reform Committee, ranking Democrat Henry Waxman. "This committee has been discredited by a series of mistakes, bad judgment, partisan overreaching, and extremism," Waxman said at one campaign-finance hearing. "Someone told me our committee has become the congressional equivalent of the crazy aunt in the attic."

■

Burton has been able to investigate Clinton without having to do battle with the Clinton White House.

■

"Waxman would do everything in his power to undermine and stonewall the investigation," says David Bossie, the tough investigator who played a key role in the campaign-finance probe. "There's probably no worse relationship in Congress than the one between Waxman and Burton"—something that was clear to anyone who spent even a half-hour at the committee's hearings.

Now things are different. At the first hearing into the pardon of Marc Rich, Waxman offered just a few anemic criticisms of Clinton's enemies and then joined Burton in blasting the former president's decision. "Think about it for a minute," Waxman said. "One week Marc Rich is on the Justice Department's list of the ten most wanted, and the next week, he's given a presidential pardon. This makes no sense." Dan Burton couldn't have said it any better.

Why the change? Certainly Burton has the facts on his side in the pardons probe; the clemency given to Marc Rich, Glenn Braswell, Carlos Vignali, and others is nearly impossible to defend. But Burton had the facts on his side in the campaign-finance scandal, too, and faced unremitting hostility.

What has changed is that the pardons investigation is the first in which Burton has been able to investigate Bill Clinton without having to do battle with the Clinton White House. A Justice Department probe, like the one Reno conducted against Burton based on the lobbyist's allegations, is a powerful weapon against political adversaries. On top of that, Clinton no longer has his fabled war room. "They had some very, very effective ways of discrediting anybody who was investigating them," Burton says. "It made it look like we were on witch hunts when we weren't."

But there are already signs that Democrats are regrouping. Rather than attack him directly, some of Burton's opponents are trying to dilute his control over the investigation by suggesting a joint House/Senate probe. And the old Burton enemies are still around. After the first pardon hearing, Maureen Dowd called Burton a "nutbag" known for his "virulent partisanship and wacko behavior." Some things don't change.

But Burton doesn't care. He'll go on investigating the pardons and let history judge his actions against those of the Clintons. "He always said that in the end, we will be seen as having done a good job," remembers one aide. "And they will be seen for what they are." **NR**

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■ COVER STORY II ■

Class Clowns

The Clintons in their world

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

In Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, a burglar is captured by the guests at an English country-house weekend. At first they intend to hand him over to the police, but gradually they realize that this will require them to appear in court, give evidence, and generally suffer minor inconvenience. But when they accordingly decide to let the burglar go, he surprises them by refusing on the moral grounds that he really ought to pay for his crime. After some haggling, the guests get up a small silver collection to compensate him for his guilty conscience. And the burglar is about to depart when he is recognized by one guest as having pulled a similar stunt at another country-house party. It transpires that "the burglar" makes a comfortable living by exploiting the laziness and embarrassment of the English upper class in this way. The main difficulty he faces in this profession, moreover, is not persuading the rich to part with their money, nor securing his release, but getting caught in the first place. Sometimes he has to throw furniture about loudly in order to attract attention and provoke his own capture. It is in fact a full-time job, to persuade a corrupt and idle upper class even to notice his criminality.

Bill and Hillary Clinton have not yet reached the level of felonious expertise achieved by Shaw's burglar (although there is said to be a certain amount of furniture-throwing by Mrs. Clinton at times). They have not yet persuaded anyone to pay them for not speaking at conferences or for locating to another neighborhood. But they have reached the stage of forcing the political and media class to notice their criminality.

Indeed, the air of Washington and New York has been loud with lamenta-

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Ariel Sharon

Will his "yad chazak", his strong hand, bring peace?

Ariel ("Arik") Sharon has now been elected Prime Minister of Israel. He decisively defeated Ehud Barak, who lost the election even though he had close to 100% support from the Israeli Arabs. Israel's Jews, having at long last understood the futility of the Oslo Accord "peace process" and of the appeasement of the Palestinians, were ready for a radical change. But Ariel Sharon is much maligned, often called a murderer and a war criminal. There are three myths that his detractors propagate.

What are the facts?

Myth #1: The war in Lebanon. Sharon's enemies accuse him of having launched the "Peace for Galilee" War in Lebanon in 1982 unnecessarily and without knowledge or permission from Prime Minister Menachem Begin. But that is nonsense, of course. Israel, in contrast to all Arab states, is a democratic country, governed by civilian authority. Not even a presumed "warlord" (as Sharon is regularly titled) could start any military action, let alone a full-blown war, without the full approval of the government. The war in Lebanon, reviled though it may be now, was at the time an existential necessity for Israel. An intense and vicious civil war between the Moslems and the Christian Maronites was going on in that country, a civil war that began in earnest when the PLO entered Lebanon in 1970. They established their own "mini kingdom" in that unhappy country. Over 100,000 people were killed. From their base in Lebanon, the PLO had launched innumerable terrorist attacks against Israel and was poised for a major invasion. When Israel "invaded" Lebanon, the Lebanese civilians, delighted to be freed from the terror of the PLO, greeted the Israeli soldiers as their liberators, with flowers of happiness and hope. Sharon led his victorious troops to the outskirts of Beirut. He refrained from entering Beirut itself only because of the tens of thousands of casualties it would have caused, most of them Lebanese. Under pressure of world opinion -- mostly, sad to say, that of the United States -- he allowed Arafat and his PLO to escape to Tunis, where they were poised to plan further mischief and destruction that destabilizes the Middle East until today.

Myth #2: The Massacre of Sabra and Shatilla. The gravest accusation against Ariel Sharon is that he condoned or perhaps even instigated the massacre of about 800 Lebanese Moslems in the Sabra and Shatilla refugee camps. The reality is that the perpetrators of this horrific crime were Christian Falangist murderers, who by stealth invaded these camps and acted in revenge of the assassination of Lebanon's president elect, Bashir Jamayel. Sharon's detractors claim that he should have been aware of this assault or that he was aware and did nothing to prevent it. But nobody outside the camps could have known what was happening, because the invading Christians used no guns -- only knives in perpetrating their crimes. Not a single shot was fired. *Time* magazine published a story on the events, in which it clearly accused Sharon of complicity in this horrendous crime. Sharon sued Time for libel -- and won. But the slander that Sharon was responsible for the massacre has not died down and continues to be assiduously propagated in Arab and Moslem media and also in much of the rest of the world.

> "The 'yad chazak' -- the strong hand of Ariel Sharon -- is needed to bring peace with security to Israel and to the Middle East."

Myth #3: The "Al Aksa Intifada". The current Intifada -- the bloody uprising of the Palestinians against Israel -- did not, as the media like to report, start with Ariel Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount. That visit, which had been arranged beforehand and which had been "approved" by the Palestinian Authority, was simply a pretext. This uprising, which could be called the "Rosh Hashanah War of 2000", actually started days earlier, on September 23, 2000, when a Palestinian policeman killed point-blank his Israeli counterpart, with whom he had been on patrol two days earlier. Mr. Sharon's visit to the Temple Mount was simply the signal to start this uprising, which voluminous intelligence proves to have been planned way in advance. And why shouldn't Sharon, why shouldn't any Jew, be allowed to visit the Temple Mount, which, with its Western Wall, is the holiest site for all Jews, the focus of all their longings? Any Arab can visit any place, any holy place, including the Western Wall, in any part of Israel without being questioned and without being molested. What is it with the Moslems that they go berserk if a Jew visits one of their holy sites? To blame Sharon for provoking and starting the Al Aksa Intifada makes as little sense as to believe that World War I would not have started had Arch Duke Ferdinand not been assassinated in Sarajevo.

The media is mounting a smear campaign against Ariel Sharon, describing him as an out-of-control warmonger, a man on a perpetual warpath, someone who, if elected, would not hesitate to use troops against the Palestinians and all other Arabs. The reality is that Israel desperately needs Sharon. He is an Israeli hero, who played a decisive role in Israel's brilliant victory against combined Arab might in the Six-Day War, who, with his bold thrust into Egypt, encircled that country's Third Army in the Yom Kippur War and thus turned near-defeat into glorious victory, and who, in his various ministerial roles, has performed fearlessly and most successfully. After the disastrous regime of Ehud Barak, a man who was intimidated by President Clinton and who was putty in the hands of Arafat, the "yad chazak" -- the strong hand of Ariel Sharon -- is needed to bring peace with security to Israel and to the Middle East. The Arabs in Palestine, Syria, and all the rest will know that this is a man that cannot be pushed around, but also that any agreements that he will enter into will be scrupulously kept. Welcome, Arik, as Prime Minister of Israel!

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tions about their bad behavior of recent days. Those who turned blind eyes and deaf ears to the multiplying scandals of the Clinton years, or who defended the Clintons against the Puritan witch-hunters of their own inflamed imaginations, now suddenly rail against the dreadful tackiness of the Hill-Billies. Clinton's plea bargain, in which he in effect admitted the perjury he had long denied; the expropriation of White House furniture; the Marc Rich pardon; the discovery that Hugh Rodham was being paid for obtaining other pardons; Hillary's icy and unpersuasive denial of any connection with her extended family's activities—all these have caused scales to drop from eyes. Consider:

> "It's a pie in the face of everyone who ever defended you. You may look bad, Bill, but we look just plain stupid."
>
> —Richard Cohen, the *Washington Post*.

> "What was the flaw? In one word, immaturity . . . The same sense of immunity—of indestructibility—that made him the self-styled 'Comeback Kid' also led him to repeated instances of reckless behavior with disastrous consequences."
>
> —David Broder, the *Washington Post*.

> "It was a real betrayal by Bill Clinton of all who had been strongly supportive of him to do something this unjustified. It was contemptuous."
>
> —Rep. Barney Frank on the Rich pardon.

> "It was a terrible pardon. It was inexcusable. It was outrageous."
>
> —Sen. Patrick Leahy.

And then the final blow, the "Et tu, Brute?" of this tawdry episode: "High Society Turns on Clintons" (headline, the *New York Observer*).

Of course, some of Clinton's old defenders still had some fight left in them. Richard Cohen saw the Rich pardon, for instance, as the wretched bastard offspring of Necessity: "[Clinton] had become so corrupted by an incessant need to raise funds that he could no longer smell the money." This was reminiscent of the *Primary Colors* defense: The Republicans do it, too, don't they, and, worse, they don't even feel guilty about it. Also, several other columnists reminded us that, with all Clinton's faults, Kenneth Starr was still the greater threat to the Republic. But these were minor aggressive sallies conducted to mask a general retreat. For the moment, the liberal establishment has abandoned the Clintons to their fates.

As Marjorie Williams noted in the *Washington Post*, however, there was a certain disingenuousness about this execration: "The Clintons have a sense of entitlement? Astonishing! They showed contempt for the normal procedures and boundaries that usually guide the president's pardon power? Amazing! There's a certain shamelessness in their hunger for cash? Who knew?"

■

When the memory of this latest shock has faded, Bill and Hillary Clinton will be knocking on the door.

■

This angry astonishment is, Ms. Williams drily observed, the "displaced revenge of those who spent years denying the undeniable and defending the indefensible." For the moment that revenge has forced Clinton to relocate his New York office to Harlem. As always when in a jam, the Clintons seek the protective embrace of Black America. And for whatever reason, Black America always hears the call. Harlem's residents turned out to cheer the former president, seeming not mind that he was exploiting their neighborhood as surely as any slumlord—although there was at least one ironical observer who greeted him as "Bwana" (a term Africans used for white hunters).

On Park Avenue and in Georgetown, however, they know that this is just a temporary respite. The Clintons will be back in their salons, either jointly or singly, before very long. Every obituary directed at them has proved to be premature thus far, and there is no sign of the shamelessness that powers their lives even beginning to sputter. Mrs. Clinton is—there is no getting away from the fact—a U.S. senator, and Mr. Clinton remains his party's most reliable fundraiser. When the memory of this latest shock has faded, they will be knocking on the door. And the social elites sense that they will be welcomed in with air kisses and fatted calves—even as Al Gore, the Good Son, chafes and mutters on the sidelines.

There is a reason for this—and it is not, as E. J. Dionne fondly imagines in his earnest social-democratic way, that Bill Clinton restored moderation to the center of American politics. The post-Vietnam American elite on both coasts (and in the Eng. Lit. departments in the middle) has a lively but muddled political imagination that combines such different images as Che Guevara clenching his fist in a threat of revolution, John F. Kennedy waving royally from Camelot, and Sharon Stone crossing her legs. Because these are images redolent of style rather than ideas redolent of meaning, they can be combined without risk of self-contradiction.

To be truly satisfying, however, they need a representative in current politics. John F. Kennedy managed to be an iconic figure of a more limited sort (though that would have ended if he had been reelected and continued to wage the Vietnam War). No president between JFK and Clinton fulfilled any of the images—Johnson and Carter were anti-style; Nixon was counter-style; and Reagan and Bush were pre-Vietnam style. But Clinton goes one better than even JFK—because in his postmodern way, he is Guevara, JFK, Sharon Stone—and Li'l Abner, to boot—all rolled up in one psyche. The man who pointed out that "it depends on what the meaning of the word 'is' is" is the first postmodern president. He is a different person for everyone he meets. And because he fulfils every fantasy of the post-Vietnam elites—by striking all the correct poses—they can never repudiate him permanently because it would be repudiating their various imaginary selves. (Sen. Clinton gets by as part of the package.)

Unlike Shaw's burglar, the Clintons can throw about (or remove) as much furniture as they like. The elites will never pay them to go away. It would be parting with far more than money. **NR**

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■ PUBLIC POLICY ■

The Spending Machine

Why Leviathan keeps growing

RAMESH PONNURU

THE big debate in Washington this year is whether to pass President Bush's $1.6 trillion tax cut. Critics, and the neutral observers in the press corps, have called that tax cut "huge," "enormous," and "gargantuan." Such adjectives are rarely used to describe Washington's profligate spending over the last few years—even though it now tops $2.3 trillion annually, and is certain to rise even further—because all that new spending has hardly been debated at all.

There's a bipartisan conceit that whenever tax cuts are on the table, there's a danger of a "feeding frenzy" in which politicians one-up each other until the Treasury is empty. The truth, as *Wall Street Journal* columnist Paul Gigot has pointed out, is that major tax cuts come along once a generation, while spending climbs every day. The rules of the game in Washington ensure that tax cuts are a matter of intense deliberation, while spending goes up on autopilot.

Consider the fate of the "spending caps" that President Clinton and Congress agreed to in the grand, bipartisan budget deal of 1997. That deal, like the budget plans of 1990 and 1993, raised spending in the short term but was supposed to restrain it in the long term. The long term never came, again in keeping with tradition.

At first Congress overspent by only a few billion dollars. But extra spending in one year has the practical result of raising spending in all future years, since agencies would protest bitterly if the funds were cut. Actually, it's worse than that. The convention inside the Beltway is to measure spending against a "current-services baseline": If a program doesn't receive what it got last year plus money to cover inflation and population growth, its funding is said to have been "cut." Extra spending in 1997, then, meant even more spending in 1998. When Congress proceeded to add to this total in 1998, and again in 1999. . . . well, pretty soon the spending caps were far behind. The caps are still in law. But by now, in 2001, adhering to them would mean cutting federal spending (on everything except Social Security and Medicare) by $100 billion in one year. No way that's going to happen.

And that's how the federal government has managed to commit itself to spending $2.3 trillion more, over the next ten years, than it said it would in 1997. That works out to $17,991 for each of America's 124 million tax filers. Another way of looking at it: If the feds had obeyed their own law, we would have saved enough money to declare a two-year holiday from all federal income taxes. Instead, all that money is being spent.

■

Tax cuts are a matter of intense deliberation, while spending goes up on autopilot.

■

While spending has proceeded at a particularly brisk pace, thanks to the huge runup in revenues since 1997, it has been out of control for over 30 years. There are, of course, many reasons it has been impossible to restrain. Entitlements are popular. And the beneficiaries of a program almost always have a stronger interest in its expansion than the general public has in stopping its expansion.

But some peculiarities of the budget-writing process also contribute to the problem. For one thing, the "budget resolution" passed by Congress and signed by the president in the spring is not binding on the spending they do in the fall. Nobody is responsible for staying within budget. Instead, 13 "appropriations subcommittees" of Congress write separate bills funding different parts of the government. The chairmen of the subcommittees are more powerful the more money they control, so each one has an incentive to spend as much as possible—especially since the other chairmen will spend the money if he doesn't. The result is, to coin a phrase, a feeding frenzy.

It doesn't help that the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, who in theory should be trying to impose some discipline on spending, has in recent years been Pete Domenici, who is also chairman of one of the appropriations subcommittees. When he threatens to enforce the spending caps, the chairman of the full Appropriations Committee, Ted Stevens, can retaliate by insisting that a disproportionate share of the cuts come from Domenici's bill. So Domenici typically spends the first half of the year asking for restraint and the second half joining the orgy.

The appropriators play games to keep spending high. A common tactic is to invoke an "emergency," since emergency spending doesn't fall under the caps. Another maneuver is to have the House versions of some of the bills be cheaper than the Senate versions, and vice versa on the other bills. In each chamber, fiscal conservatives can be told that the total cost is reasonable. Then, at the last minute—especially in an election year, when congressmen are anxious about getting home to campaign—each House-Senate pair will "compromise" in favor of whichever version is higher.

Appropriators also run a bait-and-switch on defense spending. They often say that the spending caps have to be busted to provide more money for the military, but defense keeps getting the short end of the stick. Last year, for example, defense rose by 2.2 percent while social spending rose by 7.2 percent—the largest increase since LBJ was president.

The budget-writing process is biased, overall, against defense. Defense programs have to be authorized in law before money can be spent on them. Domestic programs, on the other hand, can be funded without such authorization. The Legal Services Corporation, for example, has been able to get funding even though its authorization expired in 1980. If its supporters had to pass legislation reauthorizing it, they would have to accept amendments that would reform it and save money. As it stands, they can stick the funding for it in a huge bill containing goodies for everyone.

The amount that the federal government spends is, of course, only one index of its size. Arguably, conservatives should be more concerned about how many responsibilities it assumes. They should be

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happier to eliminate some programs outright, even if the dollar savings are small, than to shave costs everywhere. In the long run, abolishing programs saves more money anyway—as long as they're around, they can be increased.

But nobody, least of all President Bush, is talking about terminating federal programs. Indeed, Bush has promised to create a few new ones. In that context, it's all the more important to keep federal spending down.

The good news is that Bush is committed to doing that. He has said that he thinks last year's spending was excessive. He proposes to let spending increase by 4 percent this year. Some conservatives grumble that 4 percent is too much. But Bush will be lucky if spending doesn't rise more than that by the time the appropriators are done in the fall.

Already, Republican appropriators are complaining that they need more money. When the administration talked about giving the National Science Foundation a 1 percent budget hike, New York Republican congressman Jim Walsh wrote to protest its stinginess. Never mind that the program got a 13 percent hike just last year. When the administration talked about cutting funds for the Federal Aviation Administration, both the senior Republican and the senior Democrat on the relevant House committee complained. The Democrats' sketchy alternative budget, meanwhile, appears to commit an extra trillion dollars of the ten-year surplus to new spending. They will find a way to present any Bush proposals that fall short of that as draconian cuts.

Jim Nussle, chairman of the House Budget Committee, says that Bush's 4 percent plan is "reasonable" and has a good chance of getting through the House. But he admits that the Senate is another story—and that's before the fall appropriations season starts. Mitch Daniels, Bush's budget director, promises/threatens that Bush will veto appropriations bills that bust the budget. But that strategy will probably be as effective as beating a sword against the waves to turn the tide.

In the long run, budget restraint would be better served by reforming the budget process than by fighting over a few billion dollars in the fall. Making the spring budget resolution binding, with caps set for each of the 13 spending bills and a special vote required to break them, would be a start. Another useful reform might be to let tax cuts be introduced as part of appropriations bills. That way, when government funds were being proposed for some worthy cause, conservatives would be able to make a counterproposal to let individuals and families rather than the government spend money for that cause. As it stands, all too often conservatives who oppose government spending on some cause are easily painted as opponents of the cause itself.

To achieve such reforms would require taking on the appropriators and the lobbies that benefit from their spending. Short of that, is there anything Bush can do? Yes. Over the last four years, the rate of growth of discretionary spending has risen in tandem with the budget surplus. As Alan Greenspan recently testified, "With the advent of surpluses, the budget controls broke down badly." If Congress is going to spend any surplus available, he has consistently said, it would be better to cut taxes so that the money never reaches Washington in the first place.

One of the arguments liberals make against Bush's tax cut is that it depends on unrealistic assumptions of spending restraint. (In other words: We won't cut spending, so you can't cut taxes.) They've got the story backwards: Tax cuts are the only realistic way to achieve any spending restraint. **NR**

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—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1789

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■ PUBLIC POLICY II ■

The Taxing Machine

Democratic arguments are absurd

KEVIN HASSETT

WHEN George W. Bush was campaigning in New Hampshire, his tax-cut proposal was as large as his advisers dared to make it: Its total estimated cost was $1.3 trillion—roughly equal to the entire government surplus, excluding Social Security. At the same time, Al Gore was advocating a tax cut a little less than half that large. Since then, a rather remarkable thing has happened: The Congressional Budget Office has increased its surplus estimate by about $2 trillion—but neither side has budged.

Mr. Hassett is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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It is understandable that the president has chosen to stick with his original proposal; it was a winning bid, and he has proven a man of his word. But the Democrats have barely increased their counteroffer. They need to be asked: Why on earth not?

Let's start with some Econ 101. Economists have known for many years that an efficient tax system should not tax savings and capital formation, because an economy produces more if it invests in productive capacity. If you reduce that investment with high taxes, you lower economic growth, and—through a vicious version of the well-known process of compounding—this reduced growth has a "reverse snowball" effect: If U.S. growth in the 20th century had been just one percentage point lower, our standard of living today would be below Mexico's.

Harvard economist N. Gregory Mankiw highlighted this result in a paper presented recently at the American Enterprise Institute. Mankiw proposed a very simple hypothetical economy, in which there were only two kinds of people: workers and capitalists. The capitalists owned the machines and employed the workers, paying them their fair market wage. Workers outnumbered capitalists by a large margin, and could guarantee that their candidates would be victorious in any election. Thus, workers could set tax policy with dictatorial power. Mankiw asked a simple question: If workers can set the tax on capital and the tax on labor in order to maximize their own—not society's—welfare, what tax rates should they choose? The answer was quite startling: *Rational workers will choose to set the tax on capital equal to zero*, because any tax on capital would reduce the number of machines bought by capitalists. This would lower workers' wages, and the reduction, over time, would become enormous.

Zero is the ideal, and this is generally accepted by economists. The Democrats must have searched far and wide for an expert who will defend the status quo, but—despite the liberal leanings of academic economists—they have been unable to produce a single advocate willing to argue that our current system is laudable by any rational standard. Today, we are about as far away from the ideal as it is possible to be. Consider: If a business earns a dollar return on its investment, it must pay 35 cents in federal corporate income tax, and about 6 cents in state corporate income tax. When it then rewards investors by paying out the remaining 60 cents, the investors in turn must, if they are in the top tax bracket, pay 39.6 percent of that to the federal government, and about 7 percent to the typical state government. If the investor virtuously reinvests the money until he dies, then the government will likely take 55 percent of it in estate tax. All told, a dollar of return on corporate investment could be taxed at a rate of about 84 percent.

This is the situation the Democrats are in the position of defending, and it's basically indefensible. The Bush tax cut, which lowers marginal tax rates significantly, would improve economic efficiency. His proposal would be a wise policy even if we were staring at deficits as far as the eye could see; with a $3.1 trillion surplus, it should be a no-brainer.

Understandably, the Democrats have chosen not to challenge these facts frontally. They have instead shifted their ground to arguments that Bush's reforms would undermine social justice. Robert Greenstein of the liberal Center on Budget and Policy Priorities, for example, told the House Ways and Means Committee that the top 1 percent of taxpayers pay about 20 percent of the taxes, but receive about 36 percent of the tax cut under the Bush plan. Poor people, on the other hand, receive almost no tax cut.

Such an attack is, of course, extremely disingenuous. Greenstein fails to mention that the bottom 50 percent of taxpayers pay only about 4 percent of income taxes. In order to create the appearance that the Bush plan—which is essentially a proportional income-tax cut—gives a higher percentage of the tax cut to the rich, Greenstein included Social Security taxes in the calculations, because individuals in the bottom half of the income distribution *do* pay payroll taxes. The Bush plan does not alter Social Security, so it doesn't alter the paychecks of those at the bottom. Greenstein's analysis thus boils down to the observation that individuals who do not pay income taxes do not receive

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relief when the income tax is reduced.

The fact is, the Bush income-tax cuts are about as evenly distributed across the taxpaying public as they could conceivably be. Greenstein's argument is all the more absurd when one considers that Social Security is highly redistributive: Low-income individuals receive far more benefits than their tax payments would otherwise justify, and the system can only be portrayed as "unfair" in an analysis that focuses on taxes and ignores benefits.

The social-justice gambit, then, is largely a hoax. Despite the rhetorical claims, the Democrats are not in fact promoting a tax system that would help the poor. When small businesses fold because of high taxation, individuals at the bottom of the income scale are the first to lose their jobs. In contrast, when manufacturers purchase more machines in response to tax cuts, wages rise the most for blue-collar workers. If the Democrats succeed in forcing Republicans to adjust the distribution of the income-tax cuts, they will be taking money from very-high-income individuals and giving it to high-income individuals—and thus having no effect on poverty.

So if it's not really about the poor, what are the Democrats up to? There are three possibilities. The first is that Democrats really do care about poverty, but simply have not digested the lessons of modern economics; in short, they are being foolish. The second is that they are consciously attempting to focus the benefits of the tax cut in the middle of the income distribution—whether this is economically sensible or not—just because that's where the votes are. The third is that they do not believe what they say at all, but are merely using political rhetoric to reduce the size of the tax cut and thus preserve the option of increasing spending dramatically should they recapture Congress in 2002.

While there is probably some truth to all three explanations, I think the third is the most reasonable. Think about it this way: What would have happened back when the Democrats controlled the House and Hillary proposed her health plan, had we been sitting on a $5.6 trillion surplus? If President Bush's tax bill is defeated, we may just find out. **NR**

■ CULTURE WATCH ■

Parks and Wreck

Against jet skiers, snowmobilers, and other louts

DAVE SHIFLETT

BILL CLINTON is being generously lashed for his efforts on behalf of swindlers, tax cheats, crack merchants, traitors, and other well-connected felons, to the point that it will be a long time before anyone can say "pardon me" without eliciting a smirk, just as it will be a very long time before anyone dares name a daughter Monica.

Mr. Shiflett is a writer living in Midlothian, Virginia.

But in one important area, Clinton resisted the entreaties of an entire army of disreputable persons: those who ride snowmobiles and jet skis. The ex-president had the good sense to ban them from some of America's premier national parks. Unfortunately, the snowmobile industry was able to enlist another group of lowlifes (congressmen) into delaying the Clinton order. The forces of darkness will have two years to maraud while the two sides to this dispute—industry and environmentalists—battle for primacy.

One hates to preach heresy, but perhaps this equation could be shifted a bit. While right-wingers tend to side with industrial interests (so long as the industry is not headquartered in Hollywood), they might consider the merits of opposing the snowmobile/jet ski cartel. And this opposition can be based on truly conservative grounds. Right-wingers are by nature against loud, intrusive, arrogant, reeking, self-centered pests (give or take a few radio personalities). They also believe certain places are appropriate for certain activities—no bus-station sex in the Oval Office, for example—and thus

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recognize that Mother Nature's bosom is no place for a bunch of motorized louts. Besides that, earning a green credential will gain wingers a measure of political respectability with their children.

All told, there is only one legitimate dog in this fight, and he isn't riding a jet ski.

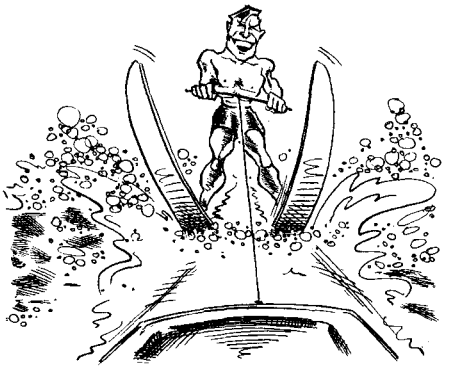
It is often argued that environmentalists traffic in hysteria. There is some truth to this, as anyone who recalls warnings about the coming ice age (since changed to warnings about global roasting) knows all too well. But there is plenty of guilt to spread around. The industry is doing a lot of mouth-breathing of its own on this issue. "It's a slippery slope," the chief of the International Snowmobile Manufacturers Association told the *Los Angeles Times*. "If you took out the word 'snowmobile' and put in the word 'automobile,' you would see that they are preparing to remove automobiles in national parks." Meanwhile, jet ski interests warn that the ban on "personal watercraft" is being carried out by "extremists" with a broad agenda: "If the ban is allowed to stand, it is only a matter of time before *your* favorite activity becomes the target."

Yeah, yeah: Hysteria peddlers we will always have—and the industry's assertions should be taken for nothing more than yacking from special pleaders. Their notion that they represent the common man against elitists is especially daring. The industry's ability to enlist the efforts of two usually pro-enviro Democrats, Rep. David Obey and Sen. Tom Daschle, to overturn the national-park ban indicates a decidedly elitist ability to manipulate the political process.

There is also the fact that one must be something of an elitist (broadly understood) to afford these machines, a fact underscored in the industry's own literature: "The average PWC (personal watercraft) operator is not who you think he is. A study by Bowe Marketing Research revealed that the majority of personal watercraft owners are married with families (71%). The average owner is a middle-aged, highly educated, white-collar worker with extensive boating experience."

What this description fails to mention is that many of these people have clearly built their lives on the Jerry Springer model. They reject all sensible notions of beauty, order, and civilized behavior. A jet ski advertisement tells us all we need to know: "Scenery is for Saps." This is the mindset of the adolescent yob who gets his thrills passing gas in elevators, setting off cherry bombs in movie theaters, scaling the walls of convents, and otherwise strutting his ignorant stuff any place he can put one foot before the other.

At this point, let me abandon the neutral, fair-minded tone that has marred this essay thus far. The fact is, if you love the majesty of nature, and recognize that it speaks to us in the most profound of all languages—silence—then you have to see these people for what they are: slothful vandals who are unable to haul their



By David Smith

thick butts around without the help of an internal-combustion engine. One can no more enjoy a walk in the forest with one of them around than one can enjoy an opera while sitting beside a barking dog.

My first deep encounter with this subspecies took place in Colorado, specifically the Pike National Forest, an immense spread of public land where the eagles fly, the elk saunter, and the trout convert insects into entrees. It is also a place where, in some sections at least, one can be run down by dirt-bikers—many of whom no doubt have a jet ski *and* a snowmobile back in the garage. Thanks to their efforts, this beautiful stretch of forest sounds like downtown Los Angeles on the Fifth of May. On many days, I found myself wishing for a few long strands of piano wire to stretch between trees at roughly Adam's apple level. It is a hard thing to admit, but these intruders do turn the mind toward homicide.

And then there are the jet skiers. Countless times I've been driven from the riverbank by these wankers, all of whom seem equipped with a self-satisfied smirk and the belief that innocent bystanders are awestruck by their ability to make noise, create waves, and make Mennonites suddenly wish they had a Gatling gun. The standard procedure is to buzz the bank a few times until the fishing's destroyed, then move out a bit and spin the craft around and around and around until a tidal wave is created. We on the riverbank call these people "circle jerks," but that somewhat demeans the activity that initially inspired the expression.

I have, in fact, been present when jet skiers provoked a potentially fatal reaction among the hoi polloi. The place was a fishing pier on North Carolina's Outer Banks. The sky was blue, but the blues weren't biting. Some blamed the sun, some the tides, while others blamed a group of four or five jet skiers who periodically buzzed the pier. Finally, patience broke.

A few pier rats strung line through the eyes of lead weights, and when the buzzing recommenced they spun the weights above their heads and let them fly. None struck home, though it is safe to say that a three-ounce pyramid of lead upside the head can prove a fatal experience. This possibility did not restrain anyone from pressing congratulatory beers into the hands of the would-be assassins.

Now, many of us would not approve of killing jet skiers, at least without a prior legal proceeding. We will also agree with manufacturers that snowmobiles and ATVs allow handicapped Americans access to the outdoors they would not otherwise enjoy. We agree that some waivers should be granted, though recipients should have no more than one leg at most. But we remain adamant that these people are national pests and should be kept out of national parks. It's not as if there's a shortage of places for them to go. One study says there are 130,000 miles of designated snowmobile trails, with only 500 in national parks. But like grasping adolescents, these people must have it all.

True right-wingers have historically known how to handle adolescents: Be sweet, but also be firm. To this crew, let us say: "Here's some sugar, kid. Go dump it down your gas tank." **NR**

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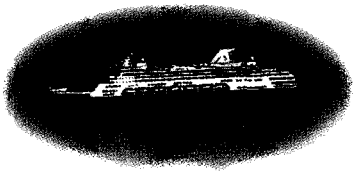

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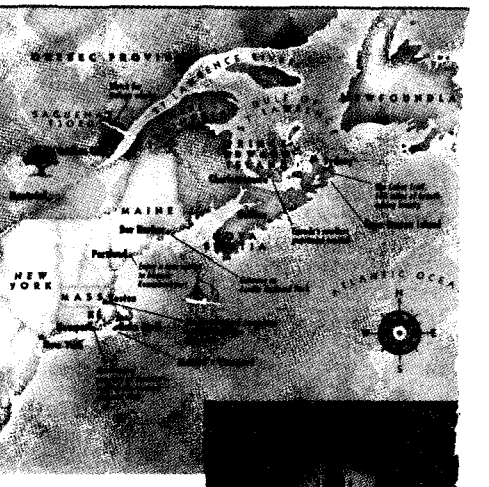

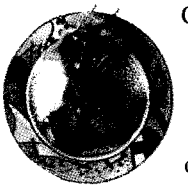

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Friday/Sept. 28	Newport, R.I.	7:00AM	3:00PM	afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Saturday/Sept. 29	Boston, Mass.	7:30AM	6:00PM	**FREE** tour of historic Boston late-night poolside smoker
Sunday/Sept. 30	Bar Harbor, Me.	7:00AM	5:00PM	
Monday/Oct. 1	Halifax, N.S.	8:00AM	5:30PM	afternoon seminar
Tuesday/Oct. 2	Sydney, N.S.	7:00AM	6:30PM	
Wednesday/Oct. 3	Charlottetown, P.E.I.	7:00AM	3:00PM	afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Thursday/Oct. 4	Saguenay Fjord	Scenic Cruising		morning/afternoon seminars late-night poolside smoker
Friday/Oct. 5	Quebec	8:00AM		
Saturday/Oct. 6	Quebec	5:00PM		morning seminar evening cocktail reception
Sunday/Oct. 7	Montreal	8:00AM		

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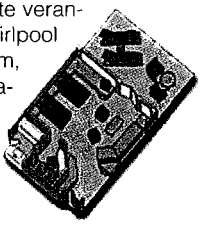

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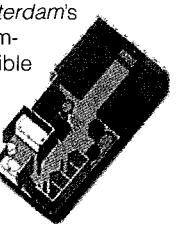

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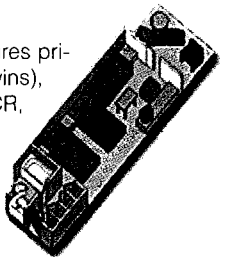

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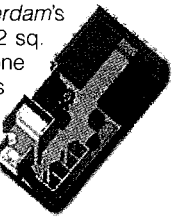

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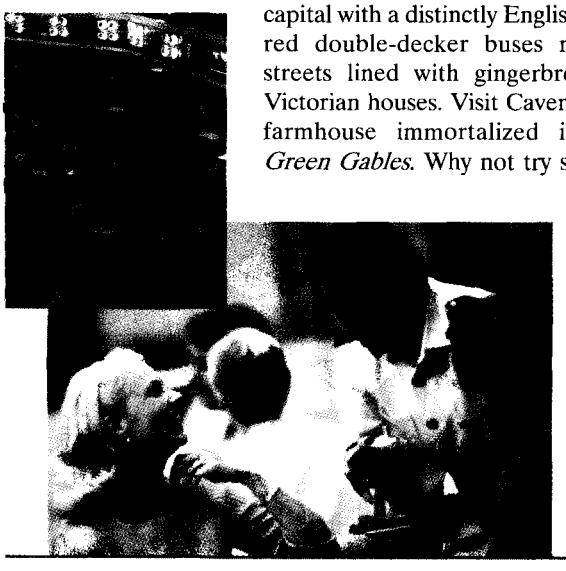
DAY 6 Sydney, Nova Scotia, is today's memorable stop. Cape Breton Island is so green and Gaelic. Explore the scenic 184-mile-long Cabot Trail, or tour the Fortress of Louisbourg, meticulously restored to its 1744 mint condition.

DAY 7 Charming Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, known for its red, sandy beaches, is a provincial capital with a distinctly English feel, where red double-decker buses motor along streets lined with gingerbread-trimmed Victorian houses. Visit Cavendish and the farmhouse immortalized in *Anne of Green Gables*. Why not try sea kayaking, or biking on the Confederation Trail, or a coastline nature walk? There's so much to do, *and* there's an *NR* seminar this afternoon, followed by a delightful cocktail reception.

DAY 8 Today we cruise Saguenay Fjord. Carved by a massive glacier at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, it will awe you with its 1,000-foot cliffs, tree-lined peaks, hidden coves, and frolicking Beluga whales. Catch these between morning and afternoon *NR* seminars. And tonight, there's another relaxing poolside "smoker" featuring **H. Upmann** cigars and cognac.

DAYS 9 AND 10 *Mon Dieu!* We'll spend *two* days in Quebec, the noble walled city with a French accent. Stroll Old Quebec's maze of cobbled streets, with quaint sidewalk cafés, boutiques, and antique shops. Tour Montmorency Falls, higher than Niagara. Promenade down the tree-lined Grand-Alle. Visit the renowned Basilica of Ste Anne de Beaupré, the Place Royale, the "Plains of Abraham," and the fabled Château Frontenac. Our final full day will feature another *NR* seminar, plus a farewell cocktail reception, where we'll toast a wonderful trip and new friendships.

AND FINALLY The *Amsterdam* reaches the destinantion port of Montreal on October 7. You'll disembark with memories that will last a lifetime. But, if you desire, the melody can "linger on": Consider an overnight stay to explore this cosmopolitan center of French Canada, or take a three-night "post cruise" package designed especially by Holland America. *Au revoir, nos amis!*



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National Review 2001 Canada/New England Cruise Application

Mail to: National Review Cruise, The Cruise Authority, 1307 Powers Ferry Rd., Marietta, GA 30067-5409 or Fax to 770-916-1425

Please fill out application completely and mail with deposit check or fax with credit-card information. One application per cabin. If you want more than one cabin, make copies of this application. For questions call The Cruise Authority at 800-707-1634.

1 Personal

Name #1 (full legal name) + Nickname _____ Shirt size (M/L/XL) _____

Name #2 (full legal name) + Nickname _____ Shirt size (M/L/XL) _____

Names #3 & #4 (if taking others in your cabin) _____

Street Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

( ) _____

Daytime Phone

Special Information (medical conditions, celebrating anniversary, etc.) _____

2 Payment

A deposit of $1,500 per cabin is due with this application. Cabins and categories are available on a first come, first served basis. *Suites are limited!*

☐ My deposit of $1,500 per cabin is included.
(Make checks payable to "National Review Cruise")

☐ Charge to: AmEx ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Expiration Date (Month) ☐☐ (Year) ☐☐

Each time you use the National Review *credit card to make a purchase, the card's issuer, MBNA America Bank, N.A., will make a contribution to* National Review.

_____
Authorized Signature of Cardholder/Guest

Information and price quote on Cancellation Fee Waiver/Medical Insurance will accompany your statement. Cancellation Penalty Schedule follows (cancellations must be received in writing by the date indicated):

PRIOR *to May 25, 2001*	*$75 per person*	
May 26, 2001 to June 27, 2001	*$750 per person*	
AFTER *June 27, 2001*	*100% of cruise*	*319A*

3 Cruise

(All rates are per person, double occupancy. Single rates available upon request. Air/Sea rates include round-trip air and transfers from select gateways, all port charges and taxes, all gratuities, meals, entertainment, and *National Review* activities. Cruise-only rates include all of above except airfare and transfers. Failure to appear for embarkation for any reason constitutes a cancellation subject to full penalties. Personal items not included.)

PLEASE CHECK ALL APPLICABLE BOXES!

I. CABIN CATEGORY *(see list and prices on previous page)*

First cabin category choice:_____ Second cabin category choice:_____

Bedding: Beds made up as ☐ Twin ☐ King/Queen

BOOKING SINGLE? ☐ Please try to match me with a roommate. (My age: ____)

II. AIR/TRANSFER PACKAGES

☐ We will provide our own roundtrip air and transfers to New York and Montreal.

☐ Include air with our package from _____ (see list below).

☐ We need to purchase transfers from the airport to the ship at $32 per person.

III. GENERAL INFORMATION

Citizenship: Is everyone a U.S. citizen? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If No, indicate citizenship: _____

IV. PRE- AND POST-CRUISE TOUR PACKAGES

☐ Please send additional information on pre-cruise packages in New York and post-cruise packages in Montreal.

4 Important!

Everyone cruising will be required to bring either a valid passport OR a certified birth certificate (with raised seal!), plus photo ID. Failure to do so may result in being denied boarding of the *Amsterdam*. Children do not require photo ID.

CONDITIONS FOR PASSAGE: H2O, Ltd. d/b/a The Cruise Authority or National Review Inc., its owners, agents, or employees accept no responsibility whatsoever for illness, accident, death, dismemberment, weather, strikes,, acts of God, or the accessibility, appearance, actions, or decisions of those individuals promoted for the cruise. Nor can the above-mentioned entities be held responsible for the actions of Holland America Line, participating air carriers, or shoreside personnel or subcontractors. Return of this application indicates full understanding and acceptance of these conditions for passage.

AIR TRAVEL: Let us make your air travel arrangements with **Holland America's "Fly Cruise" Program**, which offers a convenient air program that includes round-trip, economy-class air transportation, motor-coach ground transportation, and all baggage transfers, from the following cities:

AK	Anchorage	959	FL	Fort Lauderdale	459	IA	Cedar Rapids	539	MO	Springfield	609	OH	Akron	509	TX	El Paso	639	WV	Huntington	459
AL	Birmingham	539		Jacksonville	459		Des Moines	539		St. Louis	509		Cincinnati	509		Houston (IAH)	539			
	Huntsville	539		Miami	459		Waterloo	589	MT	Billings	609		Cleveland	509		Lubbock	639		CANADA ($USD)	
	Mobile	539		Orlando	459	KS	Wichita	589	ND	Bismark	639		Columbus	509		McAllen	639			
	Montgomery	539		Pensacola	459	KY	Lexington	509		Fargo	639		Dayton	509		Midland/Odessa	639		Calgary	709
AR	Little Rock	609		Sarasota	459		Louisville	509		Grand Forks	639		Toledo	509		San Antonio	609		Edmonton	709
AZ	Phoenix	589		Tallahassee	459	LA	Baton Rouge	559	NE	Lincoln	609	OR	Portland	609	TN	Chattanooga	539		Montreal	339
	Tucson	609		Tampa	459		New Orleans	539		Omaha	559	PA	Allentown*	349		Knoxville	509		Ottawa	349
CA	Fresno	659	GA	Augusta	459		Shreveport	609	NV	Las Vegas	639		Erie	459		Memphis	559		Quebec	409
	Los Angeles	589		Atlanta	459	ME	Portland	459		Reno	659		Harrisburg*	349		Nashville	509		Regina	709
	Oakland	639		Savannah	459	MD	Baltimore*	329	NJ	Newark	219		Philadelphia*	329		Tri-Cities	509		Saskatoon	709
	Ontario	639	HI	Honolulu	1009	MA	Boston*	319	NM	Albuquerque	609		Pittsburgh	459	UT	Salt Lake City	609		St. Johns	589
	Orange County	659	ID	Boise	609	MI	Detroit	509	NY	Buffalo	459	RI	Providence*	349	VA	Lynchburg	459		Toronto	389
	Sacramento	569	IL	Champaign	609		Flint	509		New York	219	SC	Charleston	459		Norfolk	459		Vancouver	709
	San Diego	639		Chicago	509		Grand Rapids	509		Rochester	459		Columbia	459		Richmond	459		Victoria	739
	San Francisco	589		Moline	609		Lansing	509		Syracuse	459		Greenville	459	WA	Seattle	609		Winnipeg	709
	San Jose	659		Peoria	559		Saginaw	509	NC	Charlotte	459	SD	Rapid City	609		Spokane	609			
CO	Col. Springs	639		Springfield	609	MN	Mnpls/St. Paul	539		Greensboro	459	TX	Amarillo	659	WI	Green Bay	509			
	Denver	589	IN	Evansville	509		Rochester	559		Raleigh/Durham	459		Austin	639		Madison	559			
CT	Hartford*	329		Ft. Wayne	509	MS	Jackson	559	OK	Oklahoma City	609		Corpus Christi	639		Milwaukee	509			
DC	Washington*	329		Indianapolis	509	MO	Kansas City	509		Tulsa	609		Dallas/Ft. Worth	509	WV	Charleston	459			

* = Motorcoach may be used from these cities to NYC at the discretion of Holland America Line.

IMPORTANT NOTES: 1. These air add-ons apply to the cruise or cruise + pre- or post-cruise package. All transfers for air/sea passengers are included. 2. Should you elect to provide your own air transportation, note that transfers from the airport to the Amsterdam (Cruise Terminal of New York) are not included; the distance from airport to cruise ship varies by airport. Schedule your arrival in New York leaving plenty of time for flight delays and traffic in New York! You should arrive in New York no later than 12:30pm on September 27th. Your return flight from Montreal should not be arranged before 12:00noon on October 7th. 3. Should you wish to deviate your air from the "standard" schedule, Holland America Line charges $50pp for this service. All requests must be sent in writing to The Cruise Authority. Air deviation fees are non-refundable. 4. Any special seat assignments or other requests must be made directly with the participating air carrier. You will receive your air schedule approximately 30 days prior to departure. 5. *Transfers are available for purchase from the New York area airports for $32 per person, and must be arranged for in advance via The Cruise Authority.*

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■ CULTURE WATCH II ■

Gaiam Somebody!

The ethos and 'ethnicity' of Fresh Fields

JONAH GOLDBERG

"In our every deliberation, we must consider the impact of our decisions on the next seven generations." So sayeth the Great Law of the Iroquois Confederacy.

At least that's what it says on my new roll of Seventh Generation® brand toilet paper. Seventh Generation produces "affordable, high quality, safe and environmentally responsible" toilet tissue that helps "keep you, your home and our planet healthy." But fear not! Seventh Generation also promises to "get the job done"—truly a matter of common interest to corporate profiteers and Gaia worshipers alike.

Seventh Generation t.p. can be found at your nearest Fresh Fields Whole Foods Market, America's largest (and fastest growing) retailer of organic, health, and just plain odd foods and other products.

Most critics, notably David Brooks in his trailblazing *Bobos in Paradise*, see Fresh Fields as a hotbed of Green conspicuous consumption. But when I visited the new Logan Circle Fresh Fields in Washington, D.C., it occurred to me that this phenomenon might involve more than self-conscious liberal posturing and status-seeking: There is a possibility (admittedly bizarre) that the marketers and the consumers alike genuinely *believe* in this stuff.

The store itself is cleaner than a hospital and better lit than Warren Beatty's forehead. The staff is chipper and helpful. The produce is stacked so delicately you fear the manager will commit seppuku if you jostle the improbable rhomboid stacks of unrecognizable fruits. There are endless bins, bags, and cans of bulk cereals and grains that resemble kitty litter in both taste and touch. Indeed, whole aisles of foodstuffs seem dedicated to the imperatives of bathroom regularity—which may be why Seventh Generation is so forthright in its guarantee of getting the job done.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, author of the important 19th-century treatise on dining, *The Physiology of Taste*, famously quipped, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." Food is a key element of ethnic experience. The consumption of Jewish food, for example, is more than a matter of nutrition or even the observance of religious dietary laws; it is deeply connected to the historical roots and aspirations of the Jewish people.

Consider, then, my box of "Annie's Homegrown Peace Pasta and Parmesan, Totally Natural Macaroni & Cheese." Much of the package celebrates the U.N.'s "Universal Declaration of Human Rights," complete with a nice quote from Kofi Annan: "Human Rights are your rights. Seize them. . . . Promote them. . . . Nourish and enrich them. They are the best in us. Give them life." This appeal to universal humanity often gets a little nebulous, as it converts the entire experience of mankind into a cultural grab bag from which we can pull Chinese aphorisms, Sufi catchphrases, Iroquois legalisms, Greek myths, or anything else that helps ground the human race in a heritage of eco-friendliness. But the clear overall effect is to hammer home the impression that all human beings have a single common Green heritage of which we can be proud.

"Gaiam" is typical. This company—its name is a fusion of the words "Gaia" and "I am"—helps distribute numerous whole-foods-related products. Gaiam has a huge display in the front of the store, complete with an Orwellian flat-panel TV screen displaying practitioners of yoga, tai chi, and so forth. Gaiam's literature explains that "Gaia, mother Earth, was honored on the Isle of Crete in ancient Greece 4,000 years ago. . . . The concept of Gaia stems from the ancient philosophy that the Earth is a living entity. At Gaiam, we believe that all of the Earth's living matter . . . can be seen as a single entity . . . By nurturing, protecting and respecting our planet, its natural resources and its inhabitants, we enrich our own lives and those of future generations."

This is not so much ancestor worship as descendant worship, and guilt—that great binding agent—is the chief ingredient. Take my box of EnviroKidz Organic Gorilla Munch (also available: Organic Orangutan-O's and Organic Koala

Mr. Goldberg is editor of National Review Online (www.nationalreview.com).

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT
AMERICA'S PREMIER CONSERVATIVE WEBSITE
NATIONAL REVIEW online

"American conservatives are not accustomed to being called hip, cutting edge, highly personable, communal, and funny, but that is the recipe behind NationalReview.com's secret sauce. . . . NRO succeeds because it is less a zine than it is an online bull session, a living, breathing (dare we say organic and communal?) complement to the print mag's older demographic and bi-weekly cycle. With 12 to 15 short pieces going up throughout the day, it has the feel of a live town square where a dozen or so conservative columnists react to the day's news . . ."

—min's New Media Report

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Crisps). On the back of the package, children are warned that gorillas are being ethnically cleansed and that "the most serious threat to free-living gorillas is the explosion of our human population." Because of logging and agriculture, "Gorillas simply have no place left to go."

But there's no need to cry into your cereal, little Moonbeam, because "EnviroKidz chooz [*sic*] organic food. Organic agriculture respects the land and the wild creatures who live on it." It concludes: "So if you want the kind of planet where bio-diversity is protected and human beings tread more softly upon the Earth, then chooz certified organic cereals from EnviroKidz. *Wouldn't it be nice if all the food we ate was certified organic?*"

Forget, for a moment, that a worldwide switch to organic farming would doom almost all endangered animals and Enviropeoplz alike: The health and environmental benefits claimed for organic foods are debunked by science every day. Who cares? This food is all about faith, pride, and wishful thinking. What distinguishes Fresh Fields is not the fact that all of the murdered cows, pigs, and chickens at its meat counter lived freely as "vegetarians," as the butcher explained to me, but that its customers do, in fact, care.

■

Organic food is all about faith, pride, and wishful thinking.

■

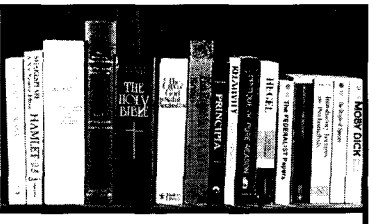
Why? I suspect it has to do with the fact that Americans—contrary to numerous predictions—have been moving away from rigid ethnic identities. This has fostered a new quest for post-ethnic identity. People of more rightish or traditional bents can take pride in being Americans, or in being adherents of a conventional religion; but what about those who reject traditional patriotism or religion—what are they to do? Constructing a new concept of pan-human ethnicity solves this problem—especially for the Left, which, until now, never offered much in terms of a fulfilling home life. The old Marxist project required self-denial and sacrifice for world revolution, which meant eating a lot of gruel. This new emphasis on food, sex, exercise, clothes, and, most important, descendants fills these nooks and crannies with the specific attachments that provide real meaning to people's lives.

Michael Knox Beran has explored in NR (March 5) the prospects of what he calls the "fringers"—the radicalized anti-Western core of Greens and anarchists who populate WTO protests and neighborhood coffee houses. Beran rightly worries that the fringers "could work up an orthodoxy out of disparate materials within the Green movement." He cautions conservatives not to ignore these people "who, in their search for a faith, have allowed themselves to become foot soldiers in the struggle to create the next cruel idolatrous creed."

Maybe the reason conservatives can't see what that creed might be is that it's no creed at all in the conventional sense. The new orthodoxy may simply be an amalgam of oddball spirituality and human chauvinism that is all the more difficult to argue with because—as an ethnicity—it doesn't have to make sense. And, unlike the old Left orthodoxies, under this one you can eat pretty well. **NR**

SUMMER GREAT BOOKS PROGRAM FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

July 29 - August 10, 2001



Designed for students who have completed at least three years of high school, this program offers an opportunity to exercise the mind, the spirit and the body. The classes will be conducted, as all classes at Thomas Aquinas College, using the Socratic method of discussion. These will be guided by full-time faculty of the College, with no more than fifteen students.

The two week course includes Sophocles' *Antigone*, the *Crito* of Plato, the *Declaration of Independence*, and readings from *Genesis*, Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling*, Shakespeare, Euclid, Pascal, C.S. Lewis and more.

Mass will be celebrated daily, and at least one chaplain will be available on campus at all times.

Intense thinking should be tempered with rest and play, and the location of the College is ideal for recreation of all sorts. Besides daily sports, an occasional movie, and hiking in the hills surrounding the campus, there will be trips to such places as Los Angeles to attend a concert or visit a museum, and to Santa Barbara to enjoy the beach and the historical sites of the city.

The $750 cost includes housing, meals, books and organized activities off campus.

Contact Thomas J. Susanka, Director of Admissions.
Thomas Aquinas College, Box 105, 10000 North Ojai Road, Santa Paula, CA 93060
(800)634-9797

Click on "High School Program" on our new Website: www.thomasaquinas.edu

THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

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■ COVER STORY III ■

Clinton's Rosenberg Case

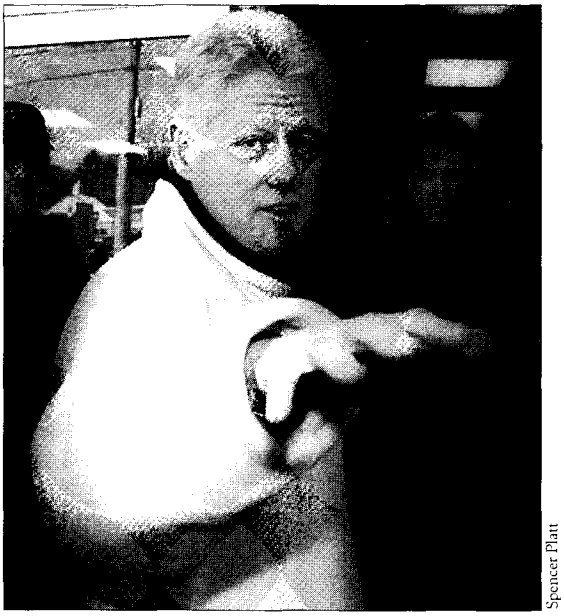
Before we "move on" . . .

JAY NORDLINGER

BILL CLINTON'S last days in office were busy ones; and the stomach still revolts from them.

Hours before his successor was sworn in, Clinton granted clemency to a pair of longtime terrorists from the Weather Underground, Susan Rosenberg and Linda Sue Evans. These women are less well known than the glam figures Bernadine Dohrn and Kathy Boudin, but they are deadly enough. For the last decade and a half, they have been on the roll call of the darlings of the violent Left, along with Mumia Abu-Jamal, Leonard Peltier, and other "political" killers. Their world is unforgettably described in Peter Collier and David Horowitz's 1989 book, *Destructive Generation*.

Rosenberg and Evans were the kind the authors dub "radical airheads." These were white women, brought up in privilege, who placed themselves in the service of more unflinching killers, usually black. They were support players in the Underground: drivers of getaway cars, haulers of weapons, securers of safehouses. They let others pull the trigger, but were always faithful abettors. In the 1970s and '80s, Rosenberg and Evans participated in a string of armed robberies and other crimes, leaving corpses, mayhem, and fear in their wake.



Spencer Platt

President Bill Clinton, the day after he left office

The two belonged primarily to the Weather group, but all such outfits worked together, in an alliance of terror: the May 19th Communist Organization, the Black Liberation Army, the Red Guerrilla Resistance, the Republic of New Afrika, and so on. Collectively, they were known, in positively bourgeois fashion, as "The Family."

Rosenberg—on whom we will focus—was born in 1956 and grew up on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. Her father was a dentist, her mother involved with the theater. The girl attended the "progressive" Walden School and, at 17, traveled to Cuba as a member of a "youth work brigade." In time, she left such activities for the harder action of The Family.

The Family's most notorious crime occurred on October 20, 1981, in Nanuet, N.Y. This was the operation code-named "Big Dance." (Details of the crime are given in John Castellucci's 1986 book, *Big Dance*. Castellucci, a reporter with the *Providence Journal*, remains a leading authority on the case and its many actors.) The gang held up a Brink's truck, killing a guard named Peter Paige. In flight, they killed two police officers, Waverly Brown and Edward O'Grady. Brown had been the first black man admitted to the local force—a real pioneer. This fact should be remembered in light of the contention of Rosenberg et al. that they were dedicated to black people and black progress everywhere.

Rosenberg's role in the crime was that of getaway driver and general accomplice. Four of her partners were immediately caught. At least eight others escaped, including Rosenberg herself.

Their ranks somewhat thinned, The Family continued with their robberies, bombings, and other assaults. In 1983 came their attack on the U.S. Capitol. Their bombs killed no one, but caused considerable damage and spooked the nation. A statement sent to a radio station read: "We purposely aimed our attack at the institutions of imperialist rule rather than at individual members of the ruling class. We did not choose to kill any of them this time. But their lives are not sacred." Rosenberg, Linda Sue Evans, and five of their cohorts were indicted for the Capitol bombing. Their numerous other targets included the Naval War College, an Israeli-owned company, and a patrolmen's benevolent association.

Relatively little is known of Rosenberg's years as a fugitive; she has not told. We know, however, that she lived for a period in New Haven, Conn., with a fellow terrorist, Marilyn Jean Buck. Buck was known as the "quartermaster" of The Family, responsible for abundant matériel.

Law enforcement caught a break on November 29, 1984,

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when Rosenberg was spotted at a storage facility in Cherry Hill, N.J.: She was loading over 700 pounds of explosives into a rented bin. She also had with her an arsenal of guns, and the accouterments of her trade: *The Anarchist Cookbook*, *Guerrilla Warfare*, counterfeit police IDs. In addition, she had plans for future attacks. The explosives Rosenberg was handling were enough to destroy the entire area; she was charged with transporting them "with intent to kill and injure." Yelled Rosenberg, as she was led away, "We're caught, but we're not defeated. Long live the armed struggle."

In a tense trial, with helicopters whirring overhead and the courthouse thick with guards, Rosenberg pleaded innocent. "We are not criminals," she said. "We are revolutionary guerrillas. We are from an armed clandestine movement within the United States." She wore an Arafat-style headdress and lectured the court about the Middle East, Central America, and other subjects. Her claque in the courtroom cheered and whooped. When Rosenberg was convicted, she raised her fist in defiance and delivered yet more "revolutionary" speeches. It was not she who had lost, she said, but the U.S. government, which had been exposed as an enemy of the people. She asked the court to give her the maximum sentence—the better for revolutionary ferment—and got it: 58 years, for weapons possession and conspiracy. No punishment had ever been so severe in such a case. Satisifed, prosecutors declined to pursue charges relating to the Brink's murders and the other crimes.

A couple of months later, police got another break: Marilyn Jean Buck and Linda Sue Evans, operating together, were detected and nabbed outside a diner in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. At their trial, they, too, preached revolution and waved fists. One of Evans's slogans was "Free the land."

These are some of the bare facts; the enormity of them is not to be missed. In June 1986, when Rosenberg and the others were safely in prison, another huge cache of explosives was discovered in New Haven, abandoned by them. It had been a close call. The explosives were leaking and dangerous when police, after evacuating the neighborhood, removed them. The Family had not intended this material for a Fourth of July display.

■

'I am not a prisoner of conscience,' said Susan Rosenberg in a 1990 interview. 'My ideas led to certain actions that led to this ongoing conflict with the government.'

■

In prison, Rosenberg managed to keep her name before a devoted leftist public. She complained of ill treatment, and a documentary was made about her and her fellow inmates, who included other Family members (and one member of a related family: the Manson Family's Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, who tried to kill President Ford). Rosenberg signed her letters "Venceremos, Susan." The usual lot—William Kunstler, Noam Chomsky, Daniel Berrigan—signed petitions demanding her release. She wrote "A Poem for Mumia [Abu-Jamal]," which featured the lines: "Their message is so clear / Do not be Black / Do not be radical / Do not be a political prisoner / There is still time to / SHAKE IT LOOSE."

In a 1990 interview, she said, "I don't consider myself an extraordinary person at all, but I do believe that my comrades and I made extraordinary decisions." She utterly rejected the sweet, poetic label "prisoner of conscience": "I am *not* a prisoner of conscience. For all of us here, it is our political beliefs that have led us to take action that put us into antagonistic conflict with the government. My ideas led to certain actions that led to this ongoing conflict with the government."

All the while, she was what wardens term a "model prisoner." She got a master's degree, developed an "AIDS curriculum," and caused few problems. Sometimes she claimed to have renounced violence, and at other times she affirmed the "right of oppressed peoples to armed struggle." It is possible she saw, and sees, no contradiction. Her statements have been, to say the least, confused. In the mid '90s, she came up for parole. She expressed a kind of regret for the explosives at Cherry Hill—the crime for which she was convicted—but denied involvement in the Brink's robbery and her other acts of terror. Wrote U.S. attorney Mary Jo White to the parole commission, "Even if Susan Rosenberg now professes a change of heart about her pursuit of violence as a means to achieve her political objectives, the wreckage she has left in her wake is too enormous to overlook."

But Rosenberg and her allies mounted a smooth campaign. Last December, *60 Minutes* did a segment on her that was extraordinary for its softness, and soft-headedness. It left the impression that Rosenberg was basically a political leafleteer, perhaps caught up with the wrong crowd. To read a transcript of the segment, in light of the totality of the information on Rosenberg, is jaw-dropping.

Remarkable, too, was the spectacle of Susan Rosenberg

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mouthing legal arguments—a form of the old "popular frontism." It was unfair, she said, that her crimes as a whole weighed on the parole commission, when she had been tried only for the particular explosives. Officials were failing their duty, she said, were being untrue to the legal system. Of course, this was the system of the very government she had given her life to destroying. She had always forsworn use of the American process as "counterrevolutionary." Prosecutors respond, in part, that Rosenberg chose to flee rather than stand trial for—to give one example—the Brink's robbery. And the weapons sentence was supposed to put Rosenberg away, pretty much for good.

Yet her release was a cause of the Left, and Rosenberg petitioned for presidential clemency. She must have been heartened by Clinton's August 1999 springing of Puerto Rican terrorists in New York, Weather-like criminals she proudly acknowledged as her comrades. And the Puerto Ricans had not even asked for clemency; Clinton had simply bestowed it on them, as his wife ran for the Senate. One of those who went to bat for Rosenberg was Congressman Jerrold Nadler, who represents the Rosenberg family on the Upper West Side. As a member of the Judiciary Committee, Nadler had been a key defender of Clinton's at the time of the president's impeachment.

On the morning of George W. Bush's inauguration, Clinton gave Rosenberg what she wanted. He did the same for Linda Sue Evans. They walked.

When the news hit, the cries of the victims' families were almost unbearable to hear. Their incomprehension at what the president had done was heartbreaking. They were not unforgiving people, they said; rather, Rosenberg—to stick with the chief figure—had not shown any remorse for what had happened to them. She had never said she was sorry, never owned up to any responsibility. One victim's widow said, "I never believed in my heart Clinton would do this. After Oklahoma City, how could you pardon anybody who was caught in this country with weapons of mass destruction?"

New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who, as a U.S. attorney, had prosecuted the Brink's case, said, "I'm shocked." The city's police commissioner, Bernard Kerik, who had also dealt with Rosenberg, said, "It sickens me." Even Hillary Clinton's fellow senator from New York, Democrat Charles Schumer, denounced Clinton's action.

Rosenberg, for her part, returned to her parents' apartment on West 90th Street. She rode out to Coney Island to see the ocean. In a radio interview, she said—blandly, passively, self-absolvingly—"It was an extreme time." No, it was not. She was extreme in it. And she knew exactly what she was doing, embraced a choice, on a kind of principle. David Horowitz put it neatly the other day: "That's radicals for you: They declare war on you, arm themselves, make bombs, and kill people, but when you catch them, they're just idealists, and they feel persecuted. I'm sure that's Rosenberg's mentality today."

A passage from his and Peter Collier's book applies here. It has a Weatherman, after years of crime, rejoining society and marveling, "Guilty as hell, free as a bird—America is a great country." **NR**

Quota U

Ann Arbor shows its colors

RICHARD LOWRY

THE entire academy is depending on the University of Michigan. In response to lawsuits challenging its undergraduate and law-school admissions policies—cases that may well be appealed all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court—the university has undertaken a massive legal, sociological, and public-relations effort to justify racial preferences. Michigan's president, Lee Bollinger, is devoted full time to the effort, becoming one of the country's foremost spokesmen in behalf of racial preferences. So far, the university has won over at least one judge, who ruled mostly in its favor in the *Gratz* case in December. But that opinion, and the university's arguments that influenced it, serve only to demonstrate the constitutional and intellectual tenuousness of affirmative action, a policy in support of which Michigan—and most other universities and colleges—will say or do practically anything.

Any discussion of affirmative action should begin with the Fourteenth Amendment: "No State shall . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." As the Supreme Court once explained, the "central mandate" of the amendment "is racial neutrality in governmental decision-making." In the 1995 *Adarand* case, the Court sharpened its jurisprudence, holding that any racial classification by a governmental actor must meet "strict scrutiny." Such classifications are constitutional only if they are "narrowly tailored measures" that further "compelling governmental interests." This test throws into radical doubt the legal basis of racial-preference policies at public universities.

The Washington-based Center for Individual Rights has challenged preferences, first in Texas—where it won the landmark *Hopwood* case (1996)—and now in Michigan, where it is appealing the *Gratz* decision. The most important legal backdrop is the Court's 1978 *Bakke* decision. In that case, involving a quota at the medical school of the University of California-Davis, the Court issued a splintered ruling that makes December's *Bush* v. *Gore* opinion look clean by comparison. The school had set aside 16 of its 100 slots for minorities, and ran an entirely separate admissions operation for minority applicants. A majority of the Court ruled the Davis system unconstitutional, but a separate majority held that race could, in appropriate circumstances, be a factor in admissions. A very nimble Justice Lewis Powell managed to figure in both majorities. Powell argued that seeking to attain a specific percentage of minorities for its own sake was unlawful, but that diversity as a way to improve education was a "constitutionally permissible goal," because learning "is widely believed to be promoted by a diverse student body."

The University of Michigan is holding on to Powell's robes

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with a white-knuckled desperation, staking its defense entirely on the late justice's diversity rationale (even though the authority of Powell's opinion is in doubt, since it was not endorsed by any other Supreme Court justice, let alone by a majority). Michigan certainly has a lot to defend. From 1995 to 1998, the university employed a "grid" system that grouped applicants into "cells" according to their GPAs, test scores—and race. Minorities and non-minorities were on separate, but not equal, grids. In 1995, for instance, the system called for admission of minority students with GPAs at or above 2.6 and ACT/SAT scores at or above 18 and 820, respectively. The separate standard for non-minority applicants *rejected* those with GPAs below 3.2 and ACT/SAT scores below 23 and 950. In addition, the school held open a certain number of seats exclusively for minority applicants during its rolling admissions process.

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Western learning survived centuries before anyone even thought of carefully balancing the racial composition of classrooms.

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Judge Patrick Duggan, in his ruling in the *Gratz* case, found this process unconstitutional: The "effect of [Michigan's] differing standards was to systematically exclude a certain group of non-minority applicants from participating in the admissions process based solely on account of their race." But in 1998 the school had shifted from the grid to a "point" system. Under this scheme, an applicant needs 90–100 points to be admitted, and race can get you about 1/5 of the way there. All black and Hispanic applicants get an automatic 20 points. (Asian applicants, who may be minorities, but are not "underrepresented" minorities, get zip.) An excellent essay is worth 3 points. Some outstanding personal achievement is worth up to 5 points. A perfect SAT is worth 12 points. University officials admit that they had a statistician run the numbers prior to the creation of the new system to ensure that it would achieve the same result as the unconstitutional grid system.

DISTINCTIONS WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE

Enter once again Judge Duggan. In such matters, he writes in *Gratz*, there is "often a thin line that divides the permissible from the impermissible." In the Michigan case, the line is so thin that it is not even visible to the university itself. The university writes in a brief, "[W]hile the mechanics of the admissions process have varied, the policies underlying the guidelines have not changed. Specifically, the University's use of race as a factor in admissions has been consistent throughout." This is the most honest part of the university's argument; and it is not in dispute—the plaintiffs in the *Gratz* case agree with the university's analysis. Nonetheless, Duggan discovered in his opinion a thin-to-the-point-of-disappearing line that makes the university's new system legal. His opinion is built on the gossamer wings of distinctions without a difference.

Duggan argues that—in light of the points also awarded to, for instance, athletes and the sons and daughters of alumni (20 and 4 points, respectively)—"there are many factors that may entitle an applicant to a preference, thereby making the results of any one factor less predictable." But the purpose of the 20-point racial award is to preserve the ethnic composition of the student body. As Duggan himself puts it, "If race were not taken into account, the probability of acceptance for minority applicants would be cut dramatically." Indeed. So anyone can predict the result of the point system, even if it is not explicitly spelled out on a grid.

The judge continues with his doublespeak: "Although fixed racial quotas and racial balancing are not necessary to achieving [the goal of diversity], the consideration of an applicant's race during admissions process necessarily is." What is giving applicants of certain races a 20-point bonus, and not others, in order to achieve a certain ethnic composition of a student body, if not "racial balancing"? Duggan found the grid system unconstitutional because non-minority applicants were "systematically excluded from the admissions process." In the new system, they are no longer "excluded," just considered and rejected. What's the difference? Duggan's position boils down to: You can have racial preferences—with differing standards meant to ensure minorities a certain representation—just so long as you aren't too forthright about it.

Given *Bakke*, if Michigan is to be permitted to consider race at all, it must find a "compelling governmental interest" to do so. In *Bakke*, five justices held that a race-conscious admissions system is permissible, but differed on what can be a legitimate justification. Four justices held that remedying past societal discrimination is an acceptable rationale, but subsequent Court decisions have whittled away this potential justification. So, it is left to Michigan to work with Powell's lonely diversity rationale, and prove that diversity is somehow indispensable to higher education. Otherwise, as even one of the university's amicus briefs concedes, Michigan's preferences would amount to "the impermissible objective of attaining racial diversity for its own sake."

Since Western learning survived centuries before anyone even thought of carefully balancing the racial composition of classrooms, the university would seem to have a tough position to defend—which, presumably, is why it had to call in a professor of psychology and women's studies. Michigan requested a member of its own faculty, Patricia Gurin, to fashion a report on the necessity of racial diversity to learning. Judge Duggan swallows the Gurin report whole, even though it reads as a parody of social-science mumbo-jumbo (dotted with such terms as "social identity," "automaticity," and "minded thought") and politicized scholarship. Gurin contends that diversity has a two-pronged effect: It improves both "learning outcomes" ("Students learn more and think in deeper, more complex ways in a diverse educational environment") and "democracy outcomes" (students are better able to "appreciate the common values and integrative forces that harness differences in pursuit of the common good"). This is not exactly hard science.

The problems with the study are myriad. Most fundamentally, as a devastating National Association of Scholars brief

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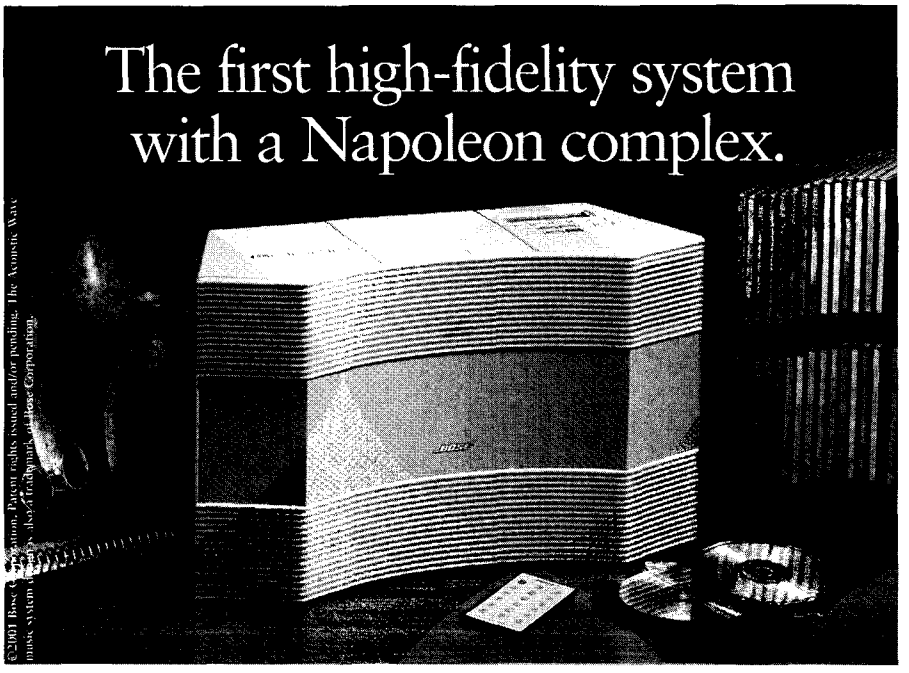
points out, none of the variables used in Gurin's regression analysis is actually a proxy for racial diversity. What Gurin measures, in the main, is whether students participated in racial/ethnic-studies courses—an issue related to curriculum, not to admissions policies. The variables that do account for interaction with students of other races—friendships, informal discussions, etc.—establish nothing about whether a certain "critical mass" of minorities is necessary or what would constitute one. As for Gurin's analysis of "learning outcomes," it includes students' *self-evaluations* of their "social historical thinking," "complex thinking," and "intellectual engagement." As the NAS brief puts it, "These variables measure, at most, whether students believe they should value complex thinking, not whether they are capable of it." The one solid academic measure Gurin includes is college grades, and she finds no significant correlation of it with any of her nebulous variables.

Professor Gurin can hardly be faulted for failing to establish effects that don't exist. She has company. Another Michigan brief quotes the assertion of UCLA researcher Alexander Astin that "diversity activities" (again, not the actual racial composition of a class) have "widespread beneficial effects on a student's cognitive . . . development." In his extensive work on this topic, Astin actually found that all 82 student outcomes he studied—including Gurin's "democracy outcomes"—bore no relationship whatsoever to racial diversity, in the sense of the ethnic composition of a student body. The university manages to ignore this, the essential point. And what Astin calls "cognitive development" is really subjective indicators such as students' "commitment to promoting racial understanding" and their rejection of the belief that "racial discrimination is no longer a problem." As Astin writes, "One other student outcome that is positively associated with individual diversity activities . . . is political liberalism."

DIVERSITY: THE SUPREME VALUE

This suggests the deeper agenda behind campus defenders of affirmative action: bending everything—not just the admissions process but curriculum and students' attitudes—to the defense of quotas and racial consciousness. Indeed, Gurin's study proposes making colleges into affirmative-action machines, designed to take benighted white students from the suburbs and make them into defenders of racial preferences: "Institutions of higher education must bring diverse students together, providing stimulating courses covering historical, cultural, and social bases of diversity and community, and must create opportunities and expectations for students to interact across racial and other divides. Otherwise, many students will retreat from the opportunities offered by a diverse campus to find settings within their institutions that are familiar and that replicate their home environments." The university will be successful only if it promotes the acceptance of liberal multiculturalism, or, as Gurin more politely puts it, the realization that "one-way assimilation . . . is much less likely to prevail in the future." This is important, Gurin suggests, because attitudes students form at college remain in place 25 or 50 years later—liberals forever!

This is all so corrupting. Lee Bollinger has become one of the nation's hottest academic properties—quite possibly the next president of Harvard—by associating himself with a multifaceted lie: that Michigan cares about "diversity" as



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such when it really cares about having more black students, plain and simple (Chinese, Japanese, Thai, and Vietnamese ancestries don't, oddly enough, count as "diverse"); that "diversity" is crucial to learning when it is really important as a matter of symbolism (everyone wants to be spared the embarrassment of too few black students at an elite educational institution); that research actually supports the connection between "diversity" and learning (it does so only if social science is twisted in the most tendentious way). Dishonesty has a way of distorting everything around it. So it is that affirmative action, and its dogged defenders, have done their part to nudge the academy away from its central mission of transmitting truth and knowledge. What are these, after all, compared with the supreme, all-devouring god of diversity? **NR**

Admissions Impossible

California without the SAT

ABIGAIL THERNSTROM &
STEPHAN THERNSTROM

THE president of the University of California, Richard C. Atkinson, has endorsed a bad idea: abandon the SAT, and thereby increase the racial and ethnic "diversity" of UC's many campuses. The SAT is the basic test of verbal and quantitative reasoning that virtually all applicants to competitive colleges have long had to take. A few small colleges have recently eliminated the exam as an admissions requirement, but the large research universities and most prestigious colleges find it indispensable. If America's most distinguished public higher-education system—the University of California—junks the SAT and redefines academic merit, it could send ripples of deeply troubling change across the nation.

President Atkinson asks UC's academic senate to consider two changes in admissions policy. First, he recommends that the university "require only standardized tests that assess mastery of specific subject areas rather than undefined notions of 'aptitude' or 'intelligence.'" He would not eliminate (for now) the SAT IIs, which are achievement tests in English, math, physics, French, and other subjects. But gone would be the SAT I, the main exam that has traditionally identified diamonds in the rough—students who come from lousy schools and haven't learned much, but who are nevertheless extremely promising academically.

Mrs. Thernstrom is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute and a member of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Mr. Thernstrom is Winthrop Professor of History at Harvard and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute.

Atkinson also recommends that "all campuses move away from admission processes that use narrowly defined quantitative formulas and instead adopt procedures that look at applicants in a comprehensive, holistic way." So, the SAT IIs stay, but should be weighed lightly. Atkinson hopes to "ensure that standardized tests [in general] do not have an undue influence" on admissions decisions. They should "illuminate the student's total record."

What counts as part of a "total record"? Part of the answer, at least, is perfectly clear: the disadvantage under which all black and Hispanic students presumably labor. UC, says Atkinson, must "be mindful that it serves the most racially and ethnically diverse college-going population in the nation. The University must be careful to make sure that its standards do not unfairly discriminate against any students." Atkinson knows full well that the admissions process does not "unfairly discriminate" against *Asian* students. And he certainly doesn't believe whites get a raw deal. Clearly, he is referring to non-Asian minority students under a system that relies on SAT I scores.

Is there any truth to his charge of discrimination? Without question, the UC student body is not a microcosm of the state. Today, a remarkable 45 percent of the undergraduates at Berkeley are Asian Americans, and the percentage at UCLA is 41. As Asian Americans make up 12 percent of California's population, they have more than triple their "share" of places on the two top campuses of this mighty system. In that system as a whole, they constitute 39 percent of the undergraduate student body.

Given the huge Asian presence at these schools, all other elements of the population are inevitably "underrepresented," especially at Berkeley and UCLA. As most people know, the proportion of black and Hispanic students at those two campuses has declined sharply since the abolition of racial double standards in admissions a few years ago. What is less well known is that non-Hispanic whites are also substantially "underrepresented" on both campuses. They account for half the population of the state, but are only a third of the Berkeley student body, and just a shade above that (36 percent) at UCLA. Here is striking evidence that the American Dream is alive and well—that meritocracy works and is not a mere mask for "white privilege." A population group made up largely of people whose roots in the country are only a generation old has quickly climbed to the top of the educational ladder in vastly disproportionate numbers.

Great news, one would think. But the president of the University of California disagrees. The meritocratic admissions policies that have produced the current UC student body, Richard Atkinson believes, are inconsistent with "American ideals of fairness and egalitarianism."

Why in the name of fairness and egalitarianism should we prefer the SAT subject tests to those that assess verbal and quantitative reasoning? Atkinson frets about teachers "under pressure to teach to the test" and affluent parents (white, he presumes) who enroll their children in SAT prep courses. But his real concern is the reputation of the main SAT and its impact on blacks and Hispanics. "Leaders of minority communities perceive the SAT to be unfair," he states, and those perceptions "cannot be so easily dismissed." "Most troubling

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of all, SAT scores can have a profound effect on how students regard themselves." Those who do badly come to doubt "their basic worth."

One might think that the SAT IIs, assessing subject-matter knowledge, are open to the same criticisms as the SAT I: that teachers teach to the test, etc. The difference between the exams, as Atkinson perceives it, is not spelled out in the major speech he gave on February 18. But his point seems evident between the lines. The basic SAT is viewed, he says, as "akin to an IQ test—a measure of innate intelligence" (although the College Board makes no such claim); but a low score on a world-history exam can be readily understood as indicative of nothing more than an absence of opportunity (that is, lousy teaching). This is a distinction, however, that most foes of the SATs would not accept. They read the scores on both forms of the SAT as a reflection of race and social class.

Says Atkinson, students should always be judged in a "holistic" manner—"on the basis of what they have made of the opportunities available to them," and the "environment" in which they are raised. "A student who has made exceptional progress in troubled circumstances needs to be given special attention." Fair enough. But all college admissions officers are *already* on the lookout for kids who beat the demographic odds—who have done well in "troubled circumstances." President Atkinson seems to have something more radical in mind: assessing applicants "in their full complexity" rather than on the basis of "narrowly defined quantitative formulas." Grades and test scores are not to be taken at face value, as a measure of whether students have the academic skills to flourish in a competitive intellectual environment. Their significance is entirely relative.

It is possible, of course, that many on the faculty at Berkeley and UCLA, particularly, will oppose the abolition of the SAT. They will worry about the quality of the student body, and the prestige that fabulous students lend to the school. Many of those fabulous students are Asians, who will be the big losers if UC's academic senate signs on to the president's proposal. The extraordinary "overrepresentation" of Asian-American students on campuses today is the result of their demonstrated academic excellence. Very few were picked because they were jocks or "natural leaders." Moreover, if UC starts to give new weight to socioeconomic disadvantage, Asian-American applicants will further suffer. Their families rank well above the California average in income, education, and all other such measures. And they are more likely than members of any other group (including whites) to come from stable, two-parent families.

There is another problem. Atkinson, at the moment, has two incompatible aims: retaining "some form of standardized testing" and increasing the number of black and Hispanic students at the most selective campuses. The tests he proposes to retain, the SAT IIs, will serve the first purpose and defeat the second. The impact of these achievement tests on non-Asian minority admissions is no different from that of the SAT I. That is, most students who score in the top 5 or 10 percent on the verbal portion of the SAT I will also score at the top in the SAT II English test. And there is no reason to think that a student who does poorly on the SAT verbals is more likely to shine on the English achievements. An examination of the SAT II scores reveals the same glaring group differences in performance so evident in SAT I scores. Whites and Asians vastly outnumber blacks and Hispanics at the top.

Thus, if greater "diversity" is the aim, the SAT IIs, too, will at some point have to go. Admissions decisions will have to be made on the basis of grades and "holistic" criteria. And making admission more dependent on high-school grades, we now know, won't do the trick. A study released by the UC admissions office in January 1998 estimated that eliminating both forms of the SAT and relying on high-school grade point averages alone would increase the number of Hispanics slightly. But that move, surprisingly, would cut the number of blacks on the eight campuses by 17 percent. Asian enrollments would also decline a bit—by 3 percent.

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The extraordinary 'overrepresentation' of Asian-Americans on campuses today is the result of their academic excellence.

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Over the long run, good education in the K–12 years should increase the black and Hispanic presence in the UC system. But the only quick and easy method of getting the numbers up is to make race and ethnic identity the decisive ingredient in the "holistic" package. At that point, of course, the university's admissions policies would violate Proposition 209, although perhaps the process of scrutinizing applicants will seem sufficiently subtle to survive judicial scrutiny.

Those of us who supported the 1995 decision of the UC regents to abolish racial preferences in the university system, and, a year later, Proposition 209, banning racial considerations in admissions, employment, and contracting across the state, naively thought that California would be forced to abandon racial criteria in the public sector. We've been proven wrong. The academy will never give up, as William G. Bowen and Derek Bok predict at the end of *The Shape of the River*, their brief for affirmative action in higher education. If colleges are forbidden to take race into account, the authors say, they will refuse to accept the decline in black and Hispanic enrollment that will inevitably follow. If barred from using racial double standards, they will be compelled to lower standards across the board in order to obtain more non-Asian minorities.

The cost, Bowen and Bok acknowledge, will of course be a lower intellectual level of the student body as a whole, but that is the choice elite schools will make: "It is very difficult to stop people from finding a path toward a goal in which they firmly believe." If forced to choose, today's educational leaders will see creating a certain racial mix on campus as more important than maintaining intellectual standards. Intellectual excellence will be sacrificed on the altar of diversity.

They sure got that depressing point right. **NR**

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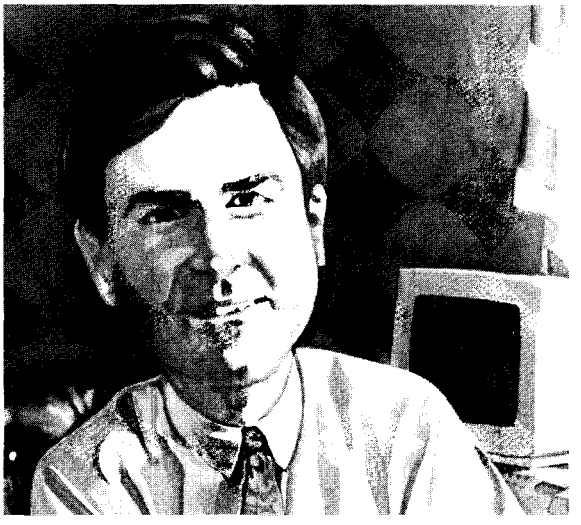
The Unmaking of a Mayor?

A look at the Jersey City Kid

JOHN J. MILLER

Jersey City, N.J.

MAYOR BRET SCHUNDLER wanted to talk about dreams. Standing on an empty lot in Jersey City for the Liberty Academy Charter School's groundbreaking ceremony on February 20, Schundler was ad-libbing a speech for a group of children and teachers. Martin Luther King had a dream, he said; everybody should have dreams. It was the sort of unremarkable address that any politician can give anywhere, at any time. But Schundler knows a lot about dreaming. He once envisioned something much grander for Jersey City than a few charter schools: He imagined a citywide school-choice program that would save poor kids from the sorry fate of attending Jersey City's failing public schools. He dreamed of nothing less than sparking a national movement modeled on what he was able to accomplish, almost literally in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. And the whole conservative movement dreamed with him.



Bret Schundler by John T. Ward

Schundler was, not long ago, a conservative golden boy, the first Republican mayor of Jersey City since Woodrow Wilson was president. He was more than that, too. When he won his first full term in 1993—at the age of 34—he scored a big victory in a place where Republicans weren't even supposed to compete: a city wracked by poverty, and with a two-thirds-minority population. Furthermore—unlike Rudolph Giuliani of New York or Richard Riordan of Los Angeles—Schundler prevailed with an aggressive conservative agenda, including school choice, tax cuts, and crime control. The Republican National Committee was so excited at his rise that it put his picture in a brochure, right beside Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. William F. Buckley Jr. once wrote of Schundler, "Look for him in 2008." He wasn't referring to a fifth term as mayor.

But now Schundler is running in New Jersey's Republican gubernatorial primary, and he's a heavy underdog. The state's whole GOP establishment is against him. Even if Schundler somehow wins on June 5, he'll be an underdog again, in a general election that everybody thinks is in Democrat Jim McGreevy's pocket. Jersey City has done well under Schundler; he's been a good mayor, even a great one. But his time in office is a case study in shattered hopes and diminished expectations. School choice did not materialize. Taxes fell, but then bounced back up again. Crime dropped, as it has everywhere, but it climbed again last year. Jersey City never became a laboratory of conservative reform, much less an urban miracle. The story of Bret Schundler is, in large part, the story of how a bold reformer became a mere survivor.

Schundler, now 42, has all the right political tools: He's tall, smart, and well-spoken. Seen at the proper angle, the soft features of his face and his thick, brushed-back hair make him look like Tony Snow of Fox News. These assets helped him overcome the fact that he isn't from Jersey City proper, but a suburb. Schundler says he was "born again" in the ninth grade, and studied sociology at Harvard because he wanted to be an inner-city minister. He wound up working in Washington for Rep. Roy Dyson of Maryland, a conservative Democrat, and then volunteered for Gary Hart in 1984. After that campaign fizzled out, he settled down in Jersey City, married, and made a bundle on Wall Street. He switched to the GOP in 1990, and ran unsuccessfully for a state Senate seat in 1991. The next year, he jumped into a special election for mayor, and finished first in a field of 19 candidates; he won a full term six months later with an astonishing 68 percent of the vote.

The man loves to engage in a one-sided conversation, which can hop between eye-popping boasts and a wonk's passion for detail. Driving around an area of the city where huge new office buildings have sprouted during his term, Schundler gazes out the car window and says, "None of this would be here if I hadn't been mayor." But more often he gets bogged down in minutiae. A question on what kind of tax message he intends to deliver to voters this spring prompts an intricate mini-lecture on New Jersey's patterns of municipal funding, and how he can rearrange things to give mayors more leeway to reduce property-tax rates. Isn't that tough to communicate? "It sure is!" he says. "But if it weren't a hard problem, I wouldn't be working on it."

To his credit, Schundler has solved some hard problems through innovation. He inherited a $40 million budget deficit and a lousy record of property-tax collection, and came up with the idea of packaging tax liens and selling them to investors. The collection rate shot up, and the deficit disappeared. Now other cities are following his example. He also held spending in check, privatized the management of the water system, and created a pilot program of medical-savings accounts for municipal workers.

What Schundler wanted more than anything else, however, was school choice. As a mayor, he couldn't deliver it by himself, because school choice was a state matter and he needed Trenton's consent to run an experiment in his city. Yet he seemed to have a powerful ally in Gov. Christine

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Whitman, who had endorsed Schundler's plans when she was a candidate in 1993. The next year, she proposed a school-choice program for Jersey City involving first and ninth graders—a plan scaled down from what Schundler had wanted, but still significant. Then Whitman complained there wasn't enough support in the legislature, and retreated further. She appointed a commission to study school choice, and picked former governor Tom Kean, a public opponent of the idea, to head it. Whitman said that she wanted a pilot program in place by 1996. It never happened. She blamed state lawmakers; school-choice advocates blamed her. Schundler felt betrayed. Only the teachers unions were happy with the result.

Schundler didn't give up on education reform. He embraced the charter-school movement, which took root in New Jersey partly because Schundler and his allies were able to push the school-choice cause as far as they did. "Charter schools are fundamental to school choice," explains the mayor, who says helping pass charter-school legislation is the most important thing he's done in office. "This is how you develop a constituency for choice in education." He's right, of course. The eight charters now open in Jersey City enroll some 2,300 of the city's 33,000 public-school students. If school choice ever becomes a part of the education mainstream, it will be because charter schools helped convince parents and voters that freedom makes a difference. But unadulterated school choice won't come to Jersey City any time soon.

Taxes are another issue on which Schundler might have staked a legacy, but didn't. As a candidate, he promised to trim property taxes, and he did reduce them—but they didn't stay low. In fact, his own gubernatorial campaign literature admits that they're 19 percent higher now than when he started out—or 6 percent lower, when adjusted for inflation. That's hardly the record of a tax-slashing champion. Schundler complains that his cuts would have remained in place if not for the fact that the state government scaled back aid to Jersey City at a critical moment. Skeptics, however, note that Schundler has offered massive tax abatements—ones they consider economically unwise—to encourage business development along the waterfront; they also point out that the mayor has pushed for a 1 percent payroll tax on people who work in the city. "I wanted to cut property taxes and have the payroll tax as an arrow in my quiver," he says. In other words, he wanted to create a brand-new tax in order to hold down an existing one. A judge ultimately blocked the payroll tax, but Schundler still supports the idea.

Schundler likes to crow about his crime record, even though crime has dropped everywhere in the United States since he took office. (In fact, according to FBI figures, it bumped up by about 4 percent last year in Jersey City—even as Newark and New York both saw improvements.) Yet Schundler does deserve some credit: One of his first initiatives as mayor was to stand up to the police bureaucracy. "They had uniformed officers delivering interoffice mail," he says. "I wanted to get them on the streets." He brought in civilians to work the desks and forced more cops on the beat. This infuriated the police union, inspired a lawsuit (which Schundler won), and fomented bad relations that remain to this day. The mayor and his police force recently went to court in an overtime-pay dispute; one point of contention was the officers' demand that they receive compensation for time spent polishing the brass buttons on their uniforms.

His willingness to take on the police illustrates the fearlessness—and perhaps foolhardiness—of Schundler's approach in his first term. While Mayor Giuliani was and is adored by New York cops, Schundler didn't view Jersey City police as a natural constituency. He just did what he thought was right, and struggles like this turned him into a relatively unpopular figure in the city. "There are two ways to make allies in a big city," says a former Schundler aide. "You spend money on them or give them jobs. Bret wasn't doing either." To make matters worse, residents began to perceive Schundler as an absentee mayor who flew around the country giving speeches on school choice. He was a celebrity outside Jersey City, but a troubled politician within it. Many expected him not to be reelected in 1997.

MENDING FENCES

He nearly wasn't. The race went into a runoff, and Schundler carried 57 percent of the vote—down from his showing four years earlier. The reelection took enormous effort. Realizing that school choice was a fading hope, Schundler cut his travel schedule. He also learned how to pick off political opponents. One of the candidates who ran against him in both the 1992 special election and the 1997 race was Jaime Vazquez, a left-wing city councilman. Vazquez supported almost no part of Schundler's agenda, and yet the mayor won his endorsement in the runoff election. Schundler then appointed Vazquez a deputy mayor. Vazquez proved to be an embarrassment, complaining publicly about the treatment of illegal aliens and California's repeal of bilingual education. "Hitler began the same way, with little laws. People thought they would be little laws, but they grew and grew until six million people were killed," said Vazquez. "That is happening today in this country in its first steps." He also put strains on Schundler's staff. So why did Schundler give Vazquez a job—and then put up with him? "I did it out of consideration to Puerto Ricans," says Schundler. "I also don't believe it hurts to have some people with totally different worldviews working for you. It shows you can be everybody's mayor. It's one of the reasons I've done so well here."

And he has done well—as the first Jersey City mayor to serve consecutive terms in almost 30 years. Jersey City has done well, too, leading the state in job growth. It will soon surpass Newark to become the state's largest city. For a lot of cities, the biggest challenges have involved performing the simplest chores—filling potholes, picking up trash, removing snow—and by all accounts, Jersey City does all these things reasonably well, and better than it once did. Yet it remains beset with problems, from the boarded-up storefronts staring at City Hall to the crisis of family breakdown that has vexed the whole country. This is hardly Schundler's fault. The lesson is not that the mayor failed, but that perhaps it was not possible to succeed as gloriously as he and so many others had wished.

Visiting another charter school on February 20, he stuck his head in a third-grade classroom. "The president!" shouted one girl. Schundler smiled and replied, "Let's not get ahead of ourselves." **NR**

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From Russia, with Guts

Oleg Gordievsky, loyalist to humanity

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

YOU wouldn't spot Oleg Gordievsky in a crowd—discreetly dressed, a man with graying hair. Yet he has his place in the history of our times. A colonel in the KGB, and acting head of their station in London, he experienced Communism from the inside. Repulsed, he decided to oppose it by working for MI6, the British intelligence service. When he was detected, he was obliged to return to Moscow, to be drugged and interrogated, and kept under house arrest, with the firing squad an eventual certainty. The FBI's Robert Hanssen, we now learn, played a part in this, and Gordievsky says "he nearly got me killed."

In a daring feat, MI6 agents then put him in the trunk of a car and drove blithely across the border into Finland. Surveillance and controls were so tight that such an escape was unimaginable to the KGB, and a humiliating slap in the face. So far as we know, Gordievsky is the one and only person to have been smuggled out of the Soviet Union. He was also the most senior KGB officer ever to defect. In revenge, the KGB sentenced him to death. In an interview with me a few years ago, Gen. Leonid Shebarshin, head of the KGB's First Main Directorate towards the end of the Gorbachev era, said about Gordievsky, "The KGB has a long memory, and a long arm, and it doesn't like traitors." They aren't squeamish over there. Brave man that he is, Gordievsky needs to pass in a crowd. That death sentence still stands.

The Gordievsky escape came in 1985. Once in the West, the ex-colonel and Christopher Andrew, a Cambridge academic, cooperated on a compendium entitled *KGB*, portraying the organization and its operations over the seven decades of its existence, while also exposing a range of Westerners who were Soviet agents, some of them still unknown at that moment. Thanks to Gordievsky and a few others, the malignancy and success with which the KGB undermined the West is all too clear. The various British institutions that he handled, including the Labour party, were infiltrated and thoroughly compromised. Not long ago, in a pub, Gordievsky spotted the head of a British trade union whom he himself had recruited as a KGB agent. Still head of the union today, "he was so embarrassed at the sight of me," Gordievsky laughs, "that I knew he felt guilty."

IN THE FRONT LINE

In 1995, Gordievsky published an autobiography, *Next Stop Execution*. There was nothing unusual in his background and training. He might well have proved another Homo Sovieticus, in the classic prototype engineered to do the Party's will. By chance, he was in Berlin in 1961 when the Wall went up, and his moral awakening began at the sight. He was later posted to Copenhagen, at the center of KGB operations in Scandinavia, and to London, in the "front line of the Cold War," as he puts it. Then in 1968, Soviet tanks crushed the Czech attempt to build "socialism with a human face." The Soviet Union, he realized, rested on terror, and there was a simple human obligation to resist it. In meetings in hotels or through dead-letter drops, he passed to MI6 whatever he knew, until the day came in May 1985, at the start of the Gorbachev era, when he sensed that he had been exposed. Unknown to him, the KGB was just recruiting both Robert Hanssen and Aldrich Ames of the CIA. Hanssen has three deaths of American agents on his conscience, and Ames has ten deaths on his, to say nothing of the many more sent at their word to prison and to camps. Ames was motivated to treason by money, Gordievsky thinks, but Hanssen seems to have done it "purely as a way of amusing himself."

In chapters that retain the power to frighten, Gordievsky describes how the KGB summoned him back to Moscow and the interrogation under drugs, aware that his life was at stake but helpless to use his wits properly. "I had prepared myself psychologically all the time for this possibility," as he explains it to me. "I had programmed myself to deny. If I made it difficult for them, I thought I might survive." One of his interrogators, Gen. Golubev, was the man who in a notorious murder arranged to stick a poisoned umbrella into the Bulgarian writer Georgi Markov, in exile in London. In the hope of catching others, they decided to keep Gordievsky alive and under surveillance for a time, which of course gave MI6 its chance to snatch him to safety.

Gordievsky lives an hour from London, in an old-fashioned small town in Surrey. Better that I do not know exactly where. He suggests a rendezvous in a hotel, but my house is more private. Soon I start receiving faxes that he will be leaving a previous meeting to arrive at 5:20, then emended to 5:40. Punctual to the minute. His English is accented, the vowels liquid in the Russian style. Put him in a green uniform with a braid collar and epaulettes, and he would be like one of those portraits, to be seen in any Russian museum, of *chinovniks*, the famous civil servants of czarist days. It is only after some time that you take in the compact build, and the humor and strength in his face. Nor is he the loner that he seems. After the collapse of the Soviet Union, his family was unexpectedly allowed to join him. His wife, "thoroughly sovietized" (a favorite expression of his), couldn't adapt and left him. One daughter is at Oxford University, and off to Spain to study its language and literature, the other is at London University, studying Russia and ancient civilization. In the old days, he acted from ideological conviction and took no money, but now MI6 pays him a pension. He gives lectures to various departments of government, to American and other intelligence services, and to universities and museums.

What keeps him in the news is the war he continues to wage against the KGB. These days they call it the FSB for domestic intelligence and the SVR for foreign intelligence, but this changes nothing. Like almost all Russians, Gordievsky uses the familiar term KGB, because under the bright new acronyms is the same old inhuman power that is accountable to nobody except its head.

Consider the strange story now breaking of a youngish MI6 officer by the name of Richard Tomlinson. All in his position

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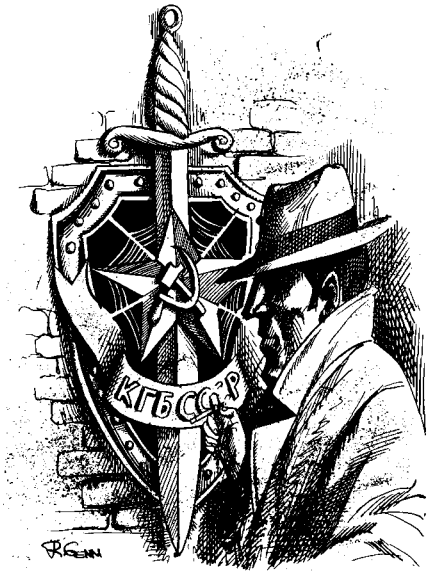
have to sign the Official Secrets Act, binding themselves to silence about their work. Tomlinson had access to secret material, and in 1997 he tried to sell his memoirs in Australia. For this he was sentenced to a year in prison, and served five months of it. Leaving Britain for Spain, he struck a deal whereby MI6 bought the rights to his book for £20,000—such a golden enforcement of the Official Secrets Act is without precedent. Whereupon the KGB paid Tomlinson another £25,000 or so, and has just published the book in English in Moscow. The publishing firm, Narodny Variant ("Popular Choice"), is a hitherto unknown imprint with no other titles, and its offices prove to be a derelict building. Sergei Korovin, the shadowy figure behind the publication, has said, "You can ascribe to us any secret-service link you like."

Tomlinson has alleged that MI6 had a hand in murdering Princess Diana, and that Nelson Mandela was a longstanding MI6 agent, though in interviews he seems to concede now that these are fantasies. Even so, Gordievsky insists that Tomlinson has done great harm; he has revealed operations in Bosnia and in the Middle East; and he has undermined MI6's "most potent weapon," its reputation for being able to keep secrets. More than that, the KGB has inserted into the text its version of an MI6 fiasco in 1996, involving one Platon Obukhov, a junior official in the Russian Foreign Ministry, whose punishment for boasting about tenuous MI6 contacts was to be displayed on television wearing a dunce cap. In more general terms, here is a ploy familiar from the Cold War.



By Roman Genn

One of Tomlinson's claims is that Dominic Lawson, at the time editor of the weekly *Spectator*, provided some MI6 agent with cover, in the form of a letter commissioning articles from him. Innocent enough, perhaps unwitting, but in any case Lawson angrily denies it. To Gordievsky, it is no coincidence that at this very same moment someone with the name of Nick Djivanovic should write twice to the *Spectator* accusing him—Gordievsky—of opportunism and treason. "After decades of loyal service to the 'communist butchers,' he sniffed the wind from deep inside and decided to jump ship," Djivanovic sneered. And also, "one historical fact is immutable: he betrayed his country." Gordievsky replied that these charges are absurd and immoral, as though "to support a totalitarian regime is a good thing but to support instead a Western liberal democracy is a bad thing." One of Djivanovic's letters to the *Spectator* was datelined from the Bahamas, and the other from Somerset, in England. Otherwise untraceable, the man seems to Gordievsky as mysterious as Tomlinson's publisher Sergei Korovin.

A BLEAK VIEW OF RUSSIA

Opinion-makers in the West, in Gordievsky's view, imagine today's Russia to be democratic, give or take a bit, and cannot see it as the authoritarian state that it really is. The Communist party no longer has a monopoly of power, but Vladimir Putin is skillfully restoring one-man rule. There is not a single political personality in Russia with the standing to be any sort of opposition or rival to him.

The Soviet Union, says Gordievsky, destroyed the soul. There is no moral code in Russia, just as there are no skeptical, rebellious, or original people. Russians are without historical memory; the victims of Communism were others; and they feel themselves lucky to survive. So like Gorbachev and Yeltsin before him, Putin is free to do what he wants. Using a newly formed Ministry of Emergency Situations, the Border Guards, the Ministry of the Interior with its troops, and the KGB, he has put the requisite authoritarian structure into place. It is particularly shocking to Gordievsky that the KGB now handles Chechnya, arresting and imprisoning with impunity, routinely employing torture.

And look at the way Putin is breaking so-called oligarchs, a putdown word for men with enough money to owe him nothing. Now it is the turn of Vladimir Gusinsky, who owns a media empire promoting liberal democracy, comprising the one and the only independent television station, the radio station Moscow Echo, and *Itogi* magazine. So critical of Putin are these outlets that the premier is determined to close them down. To that end, a team of prosecutors recently raided the media company's bank and froze its accounts.

Gusinsky himself had fled earlier to Spain, but Putin has ordered a warrant for his arrest, and the Spanish authorities are holding him under house arrest with a view to extradition. A leftist Spanish magistrate was responsible for starting the recent politicized proceedings against Gen. Pinochet. Gordievsky will not be visiting his daughter in Spain for fear that he too might be handed over to the KGB.

Is there any democratic instinct about Putin? I ask. "I haven't seen any." When Larry King asked Putin on his show about the submarine *Kursk*, lost recently with all hands in an accident, the Russian president smiled and said, "Well, it went to the bottom." That cynical response, Gordievsky thinks, is all you need to know about Putin's character. Russia is still building ballistic missiles and new weaponry, and speaks of restoring its naval presence in the world's oceans. The campaign against America's proposed anti-missile defense is "disgusting." And what's behind it? A form of blackmail. If America builds this shield, Russians will no longer be able to insist on being bought off with billions of dollars that will never be repaid. A new cold war is quite possible.

For a man under sentence of death, he is certainly not hiding. Never mind the Djivanovics of the world, he sees himself as a patriot of a properly democratic Russia, always with a moral obligation to tell the truth as he sees it. Few in the West speak like that, fewer still have his authority and experience. Perhaps he is too pessimistic, I reflect as he slips anonymously down the street, but perhaps this astonishing man still has a service to perform for us all. **NR**

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

COURT-ORDERED MEDIATION IN THE MATTER:

Satan (Plaintiff) v. *William Jefferson Clinton (Defendant) for Breach of Contract (Verbal)*

Transcript

April 14, 2008

PRESENT: Mr. Clinton and his counsel, Mrs. Blumenthal (the former Mrs. Rodham Clinton); Judge Orrin Hatch (ret.); Satan (serving as his own counsel)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7:

SATAN: . . . and we shook hands, then and there.
HATCH: And this was in London?
SATAN: Just north. Oxford.
HATCH: And this agreement was for what purpose?
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Objection, Your Honor! Calls for speculation.
HATCH: We're not really in a court of law, Mrs. Clinton—I mean, Blumenthal.
SATAN: How is that speculation? You'd think I'd *know* what I made a bargain with him for.
HATCH: Continue . . .
SATAN: For his *soul! Duh!*
HATCH: And he wanted?
SATAN: Well, at first it was just to avoid the draft.
CLINTON: Objection! The idea that I needed help from the Devil to keep out of Vietnam is just so ludicrous—
HATCH: Mr. Clinton, Mrs. Blumenthal, may I remind you both that we are not in a court of law. The two parties have agreed, in an effort to settle this issue without burdening the court, to seek binding arbitration. You will have your turn. I promise. Go on, Satan.
SATAN: Well, now I don't know where I was. These two get me so turned around.
HATCH: You were talking about your bargain with Mr. Clinton. In exchange for his soul, you kept him out of the Vietnam War.
SATAN: Oh, right. Right. Yeah, at first. Then he got more demanding. Do this, do that. Fix this, fix that. Make me governor, make me president, make me popular—you know, *hard* stuff, even for the Dark One.
HATCH: And you complied?
SATAN: Hell, yes. During the Lewinsky thing, a lot of my usual evil work went unattended. I mean, dropping crime rates? *Hello?* I'm only one guy.
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Objection!
HATCH: Thank you, Satan. We have your statement.
SATAN: I just want what's mine, Your Honor.
HATCH: Yes, thank you.
SATAN: It is just so freakin' unbelievable that I have to put up with this.

FROM PAGE 11:

CLINTON: You know, this is such *old* news.
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Old, tired gossip and innuendo. From Satan, let's not forget.
CLINTON: I'm trying harder than anyone to comply with your request for information. We're reviewing what we have, and trying to assemble the documents that we've gathered . . .

FROM PAGE 23:

SATAN: . . . at which point he begged me, *begged me,* Your Honor, to induce Newt Gingrich to shut down the government.
MR. CLINTON: That's a lie! They didn't *need* Satan's encouragement!
JUDGE HATCH: Please! Please! Gentlemen, take your seats.
SATAN: And I said, "Mr. President,"—I always gave him that respect, Your Honor. I may not respect the man, but I respect the office—"Mr. President," I said, "consider it done."

FROM PAGE 27:

HATCH: Mrs. Clinton—I'm sorry, I keep forgetting. Mrs. *Blumenthal,* do you have any questions for the Dark Lord?
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Thank you, sir. Satan, could you please state your name for the record?
SATAN: Well, I have so many names.
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Just top-line us. Just a few of the big ones.
SATAN: Umm, okay. Moloch. Beelzebub. Belial. The Dark One. The Dark Lord. The Devil. Satan.
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Okay, fine. Thanks. So when you write letters, say, or e-mails, you sign them with a lot of different names, right?
SATAN: Sure. What are you getting at?
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Your Honor, I'd like to enter into evidence the following materials: a letter from the Devil to my client, in which the Devil calls him, and I quote, "a great president"; a collection of e-mails, signed Dark1@aol.com, which I believe, sir, is Satan's screen name, in which he praises then-President Clinton for his trip to Africa, his crime initiatives, and his handling of the economy; and several Christmas cards of a friendly nature, the last of which is inscribed, "You have made me very, very proud. All the best for a wonderful X-mas and a terrific '99," and is signed "Belial" with a smiley face.
SATAN: Those are taken way out of context!
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: Hardly the correspondence of a spurned business partner, wouldn't you say?
SATAN: You're twisting my words!
[gavel]
HATCH: Satan! Please take your seat. Mrs. Blumenthal, entering new evidence during a mediation hearing is out of line!
MRS. BLUMENTHAL: I'm sorry, sir, these just turned up one day near my office.
HATCH: I declare a short recess!
SATAN: I demand satisfaction!
HATCH: Adjourned!

[end transcript]

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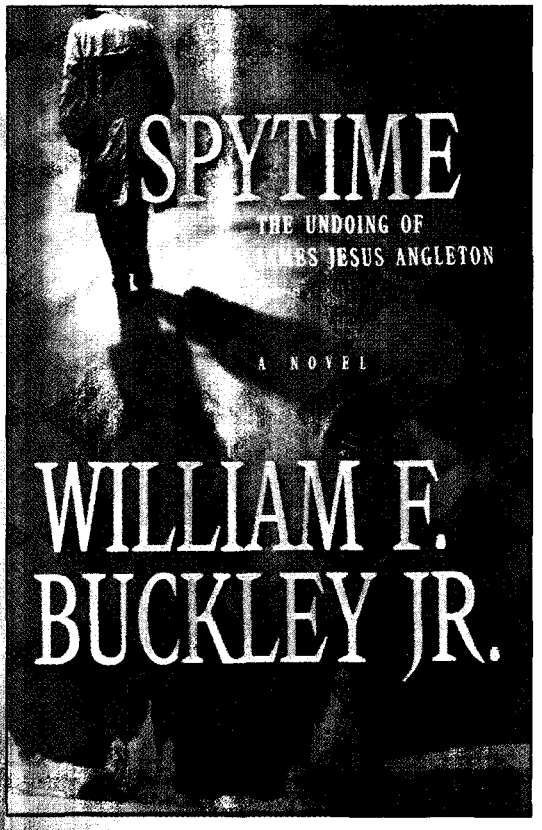

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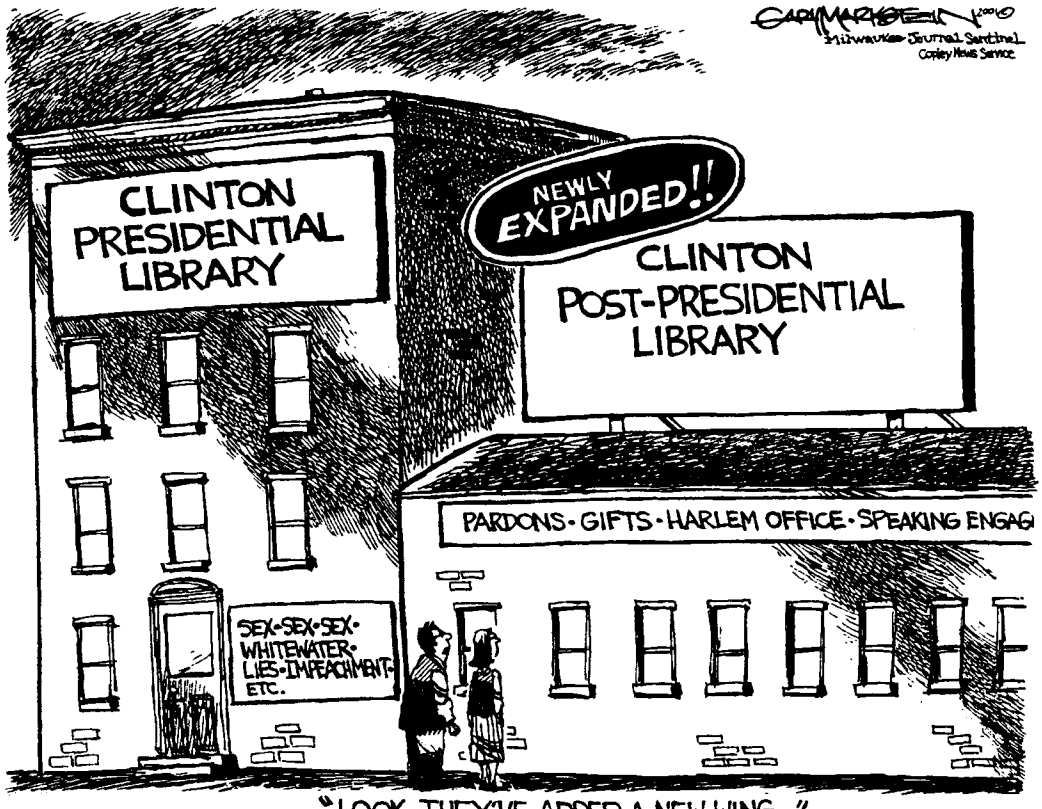
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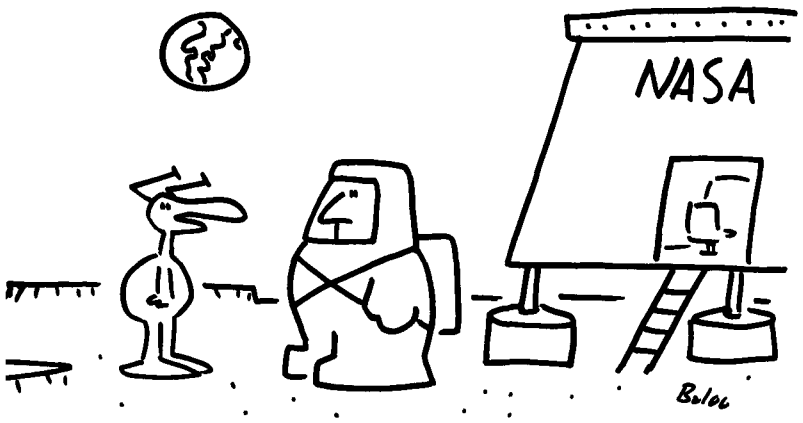

"If I were you, I'd turn right around and go back home—mortgage rates here are through the roof."

Death Taxes Explained

The stately homes of England, once
The glory of the state,
Are either run from London with
Old biddies at the gate;
Or, passing to the eldest son,
Who serves as tourist guide
While hawking jars of ducal jam,
Peel from the windward side.

—W. H. von Dreele

WE FEEL THAT ISSUING BLACK BERETS TO ALL ARMY PERSONNEL WILL RESULT IN BETTER SOLDIERS.
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH (APOLOGIES TO MORT) 2/01 BROOKINS
HERE I AM... AN ARMY OF ONE!...
CAMP SWAMPY

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Bad Tidings to Zion

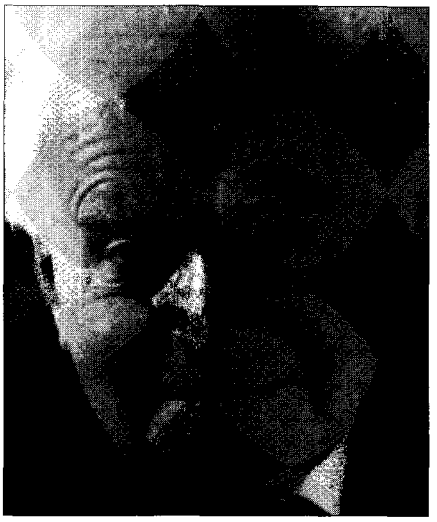
AMOS PERLMUTTER

One Palestine, Complete: Jews and Arabs Under the British Mandate, by Tom Segev, translated by Haim Watzman (Henry Holt, 612 pp., $35)

One Palestine, Complete is the latest contribution to a growing body of anti-Zionist literature being produced by a group of prominent Israeli academics and journalists. According to these revisionist scholars, the State of Israel was born in sin at the expense of the Arab inhabitants of Palestine. Their purpose, however, is not scholarly but political: They seek (in the words of historian Anita Shapira) "to undermine the state's moral and philosophical foundations, to dismantle the Jewish identity of the state and reconfigure it as a state of 'all its citizens.'" The success of their attempt to create a moral equivalence between Israel and the Palestinians can be seen in the new Israeli high-school textbooks, which were recently changed to reflect the "original sins" of Israel at its birth.

The main target and villain of all post-Zionists is David Ben-Gurion. Ben-Gurion was to Israel what George Washington was to the United States: a founding father, victor of the war of independence, and first chief executive of an independent nation. In the view of post-Zionist historians like Benny Morris and Avi Shlaim (authors, respectively, of *Righteous Victims: A History of the Zionist–Arab Conflict, 1881–1999* and *The Iron Wall: Israel and the Arab World*), Ben-Gurion was not only a warmonger responsible for the expulsion of Palestinians from Israel but also a heartless ideologue criminally remiss in failing to rescue more Jews from Hitler's reign of terror.

Mr. Perlmutter is professor of political science at American University and author of several books on the Middle East, including *Israel: The Partitioned State* and *The Life and Times of Menachem Begin*.



Israeli founding father David Ben-Gurion

This is comparable to the recent attacks by American revisionist historians on Washington, Jefferson, and other Founding Fathers as hypocritical slaveholding elitists who sought primarily to increase their own wealth and steal the rest of North America from the Indians. In their zeal to make their case, the anti-Zionists have similarly stretched and even falsified history. Indeed, according to Ben-Gurion biographer Shabtai Teveth, Morris has actually altered historical documents to make his outlandish claims seem more plausible.

Tom Segev is one of the leading authors in the post-Zionist movement. In *The Seventh Million* (1993), he attacked Ben-Gurion and the Zionist leadership for their failure to rescue more European Jews from the Holocaust. His main contention in that book was that the Zionist preference to rescue only committed Zionists left the rest of the Diaspora at the mercy of Hitler and Stalin. In *One Palestine, Complete*, Segev repeats this unsubstantiated argument, despite its having been refuted in Teveth's *Ben-Gurion and the Holocaust* (1996), which documented the relentless efforts of Zionist leaders to alert the international community to the plight of Jews in Europe.

Mingling personal stories of Palestinians and Israeli Arabs with historical narrative, *One Palestine, Complete* falls somewhere between a novel and a gossipy panorama of Jewish, British, and Arab personalities and events in Palestine under the British Mandate. Segev is a skillful writer and the book is an engaging read. Yet despite the fact that he has consulted nearly every book on his subject written in Hebrew or English, including unpublished diaries, none of this material adds an iota of new information. Instead, *One Palestine, Complete* reshuffles the facts under the guise of a new interpretation.

According to his publisher, Segev offers "a radical new thesis," namely that the British, far from being pro-Arab as commonly believed, "consistently favored the Zionist position, thereby ensuring the creation of the Jewish state." Segev argues further that they did so "out of the mistaken—and anti-Semitic—belief that the Jews turned the wheels of history." In the author's view, it was Chaim Weizmann, the cunning president of the World Zionist Organization, who manipulated British Biblical fundamentalists like Lord Arthur James Balfour into establishing a Jewish national home in Palestine. Furthermore, Segev claims it was only when the militant Zionist underground—Menachem Begin's Etzel and Yitzhak Shamir's Lehi—terrorized the British that they turned against the Zionists.

Segev's argument turns history upside down. In fact, from its inception in 1918 the British Mandate was only partially accommodating to the Zionists. British civil and military administrators were

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uniformly hostile to them, refusing even to publish the Balfour Declaration (affirming the right of Jews to a national homeland) in Palestine. The sole exception was under the brief tenure (1920–1925) of high commissioner Sir Herbert Samuel, a Liberal Party lord, a Jew, and a Zionist who placed other Jewish Zionists in prominent positions throughout the government. And even Sir Herbert acted contrary to Zionist interests when, with the support of the British government, he appointed Haj Amin al-Husseini as grand mufti of Jerusalem in 1921.

Haj Amin, the most radical Palestinian nationalist, had already called for the ouster of Zionists from Palestine, and later organized the failed Arab Revolt in 1936–1939, declaring war on both the Mandate and the Zionists. After the revolt was suppressed and Haj Amin was exiled, he continued his anti-British activities from his new headquarters in Baghdad, where he helped foment a fascist coup in May 1941—which also was foiled by the British. In October 1941, he discussed with Mussolini the establishment of Arab fascist units who were to be responsible for atrocities against tens of thousands of Serbs and Jews in fascist Croatia. In November 1941, Haj Amin negotiated directly with Hitler, who was reluctant to support Arab independence. After the war he was declared a war criminal by the Allies, but escaped to Egypt where—despite everything—he lived under the protection of the British government and was never tried.

Segev admits that the Arabs turned to Germany and that they were ready to take support against the British from any quarter. But he excuses Haj Amin's actions as the natural behavior of an Arab nationalist and claims to see a moral equivalence between the mufti and his militant Zionist counterparts. In a footnote Segev writes, "At the same time that the Mufti was asking for the Nazis' help, Avraham Stern, the Lehi commander, suggested establishing a Jewish alliance with Nazi Germany to end British rule in Palestine. He was guided by the same principle: my enemy's enemy is my friend."

Comparing the mufti's role (and that of other leading Arab politicians, such as Iraqi prime minister Nuri a-Said and King Farouk of Egypt) with that of the marginal, renegade Zionist Stern Gang is simply outrageous. Lehi negotiated (unsuccessfully) with the Vichy regime—not the Nazis—in an attempt to help rescue Jews from Europe. Nor did they recruit for the SS, as the mufti did. Indeed, Palestinian Arab leaders lost little time in making known their approval of events in Germany since 1933, and actively supported Nazi anti-Jewish policy.

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The Israeli post-Zionists are producing a falsified version of history that is designed for political ends.

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Segev reprises the old argument that the Mandate helped the Jews by providing roads, railways, communication, and an administrative infrastructure that would not have existed otherwise; But he only summarily mentions the most important damage the British government inflicted on the Jews during World War II. This was the infamous White Paper of March 13, 1939, which decreed the end of Jewish immigration to Palestine in an attempt to appease the Arabs, who nevertheless continued to support Nazi and fascist regimes. Therefore it was the British government itself (and not the Zionist leadership) that was most directly responsible for the failure to rescue European Jews. Despite the objections of Churchill, British colonial administrators continued the White Paper policy to the end of the war and beyond; indeed, it became the cornerstone of British policy in the Arab world, designed to protect British military bases in the Middle East. There could be no greater indictment of any Allied government, yet Segev seems to have no qualms about this policy.

Segev's whole argument crumbles through his failure to fix the blame for this great crime against the Jews on the British, who did their best to prevent any immigration of Jews during the war. Rather than explore this moral failure, which would mitigate his condemnation of the Zionists, Segev devotes many pages to a love affair between the wife of Arab nationalist ideologue Anwar Nusseibeh and Evelyn Barker, the British general responsible for the war against the Zionist underground. Segev mentions only parenthetically that Gen. Barker was in charge of Operation Agatha, in which more than 100,000 British soldiers and policemen surrounded Jewish settlements and confiscated weapons from the Haganah—the mainstream Zionist underground, which the British had recognized as a legitimate force during World War II.

It is hardly surprising that the highest praise for Segev's books has come from other revisionists like Morris and Shlaim. More disturbing is the *New York Times* Book Review's front-page review of *One Palestine, Complete* by Omer Bartov. Bartov is not known to be sympathetic to the "new historians," yet he praises the book highly and writes that Morris, Shlaim, and others have presented a "more balanced and detached" analysis of the origins of the Arab–Jewish conflict after reviewing previously classified documents, and "provoked fierce resistance from conservative scholars." This is a backhanded reference to Yoram Hazony, author of a provocative and hard-hitting attack on the post-Zionist intellectual movement, and his conservative think tank, the Shalem Institute. Hazony's *The Jewish State* is a brilliant demolition of post-Zionist ideological claims, and the Israeli left-liberal establishment attacked it without exception.

What Vietnam did for the American Left, the Israeli war in Lebanon and the Oslo peace process have done for the new Israeli revisionists, lifting them from academic obscurity to become a force in public life. However, they are best seen, not as serious historians, but as ideologues who must finally be judged by their political purposes. Like Holocaust denier David Irving, the Israeli post-Zionists are producing a falsified version of history that is designed for political ends. If this school succeeds in delegitimizing Israel in the eyes of the Israelis themselves, it will sap their will to resist Palestinian pressure, and for that reason constitutes a serious threat to the survival of the Jewish state. That so many American intellectuals appear not to understand this is profoundly disturbing. **NR**

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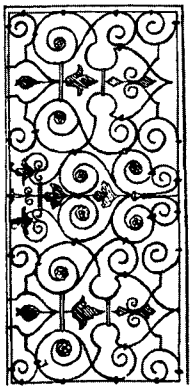
Keeping the Flame

JEFFREY HART

The Guest from the Future: Anna Akhmatova and Isaiah Berlin, by György Dalos, translated by Antony Wood (Farrar, Straus, 256 pp., $13)

THAT all-night conversation in Leningrad haunts one's imagination. Every aspect of it is charged with meaning, not least that it took place during the Christmas season of 1945, which coincided with the beginning of the Cold War. In this elegant and concentrated book, György Dalos, novelist and literary critic, a Hungarian fluent in Russian, has the equipment to explore it in depth.

Isaiah Berlin, then 36 and an Oxford don, had spent the war in the British embassy in Washington writing astute reports on American moods and opinion. Born in Riga and fluent in Russian, he had been posted to Moscow in September 1945. Perhaps best described as a historian of ideas, Berlin was an impressively civilized man of the West—learned, a rationalist, a democrat. He was to write no major book, and, to be truthful, his prose does not give the impression of a mind of the highest order; but he was an extraordinary conversationalist, an ability that carried him far.



Isaiah Berlin came to that apartment in Leningrad from one side of the great conflict between freedom and totalitarianism that defined the 20th century. Anna Akhmatova, a giant in chains, was a semi-prisoner in the other. Perhaps the greatest Russian lyric poet of the last hundred years, she possessed a passionate intelligence. Her poetry is personal (though she can see herself in world-historical terms), often difficult, full of symbolism and mystery, a mixture, if this is imaginable, of Whitman and Yeats.

Berlin and Akhmatova talk all night in her apartment. For Berlin, it is fascinating. For her it is an explosive epiphany. She is the more drastic spirit, and so experiences a revelation. Suddenly she, who has been harassed and persecuted, who has seen friends imprisoned and murdered and for long periods been confined and refused publication, sees before her a civilized, and actual, human being. She is overwhelmed. She writes Berlin into her poem-in-progress as "the Guest from the Future," the man a man can be, and he also inspires a burst of shorter love lyrics. But the KGB has followed Berlin. Stalin is personally furious over the visit. He considers Berlin a "British spy." And she becomes a nonperson once more, losing her ration privileges and license to publish.

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Isaiah Berlin wrote that Anna Akhmatova was 'immensely dignified . . . She looked and moved like a tragic queen.'

■

Akhmatova, then 56, had emerged into the first rank of modernist poets during the decade before the First World War. Born Anna Gorenko into an aristocratic family, she named herself Akhmatova after a Tatar forbear from the time of Genghis Khan. Accounts of her then are striking indeed; she was a woman of exotic beauty. Her high cheekbones evoked her distant Tatar ancestry. Her black bangs were cut low across her forehead. Her bearing was charismatic as, tall and thin, she moved with remarkable grace. Modigliani, her lover in Paris, drew 16 nude sketches of her. As Berlin later wrote, she "was immensely dignified, with unhurried gestures, a noble head, beautiful, somewhat severe features, and an expression of immense sadness . . . She looked and moved like a tragic queen."

In her poetry she is a virtuoso of metrical forms, and while expert in classical Russian literature, especially Pushkin, she also aspires in the modernist way to moments of concentrated perfection. She weaves into her verse echoes of Russian literature, and also the rhythms and verbal echoes of Russian folk songs and even nursery rhymes. Holy Russia is ever present with its still lakes, trees of pine and birch, and golden turnip domes.

That night in her apartment she thirsted for news of the West. (Berlin noticed that she never said "Soviet Union," always "Russia.") She had been cut off from all news about European culture since 1925, when the regime turned inward and brutal. She wanted to know about Joyce, Eliot, Virginia Woolf. They talked music and painting. She railed against Chekhov and his "mud-colored soul." They discussed Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Turgenev, Pasternak. She wanted to know about current writing in Europe, the United States. They talked about Kafka, Proust, Beethoven, Mozart, and her idol Pushkin. She recited her unpublished poetry from memory. That night Isaiah Berlin was the West: freedom, mind, creativity, civilization.

Soon afterward she would write, "The gift you gave me was brought from afar. / It seemed to you idle diversion / On that fiery night." And, "Thus, torn from the earth, / We rose up, like stars." And, "That late-night dialogue turned into / The delicate shimmer of interlaced rainbows."

Berlin returned to England. In Russia, a nationwide smear campaign against Akhmatova commenced; cultural commissar Andrey Zhdanov denounced her to the Central Committee as "a nun and a whore." In 1956, during the Khrushchev "thaw," Berlin visited the USSR again, and she was afraid to see him. In 1965 she was permitted to travel to Oxford to receive an honorary degree, and saw Berlin again. They discussed Russian poetry. Her heart was failing. On March 5, 1966, she died peacefully in a hospital near Moscow. The funeral Mass took place at St. Nicholas Cathedral in Leningrad, and she is buried in that city. Today all her works are in print in Russia, and Leningrad is once again St. Petersburg. She was an enormous figure in 20th-century literature, and she probably knew that she and Berlin would win at last. Great poets know things like that. **NR**

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■ FILM ■

No Nukes

DANIEL WATTENBERG

In the imagination of Tim Robbins, there are no accidents.

His movies seethe with conspiracies—right-wing conspiracies, vast right-wing conspiracies so scary that Sid Blumenthal should not see them without a parent or other accompanying adult.

In his recent film *AntiTrust*, Robbins plays Gary Winston, a paranoid and predatory software tycoon loosely based on Microsoft chairman and chief technol—the hell with it, it's an impersonation of Bill Gates. A visionary technogeek, Winston runs the Pacific Northwest corporate campus of his monopolistic NURV (Never Underestimate Radical Vision) like a cross between Jonestown and the Manhattan Project. In his drive to meet the launch deadline for Synapse, a new software application that will link all communications devices in one all-enveloping web, he arranges for the murder of competitors whom he cannot co-opt.

For Robbins, a 42-year-old actor-activist-writer-director-Nation Institute board member, the role of a crypto-right-wing monster is no stretch. In fact, it is a career:

- In *Arlington Road*, Robbins played an outwardly neighborly shopping-mall architect who secretly masterminds an antigovernment terror network and plots to blow up the FBI building.
- In *Bob Roberts*, which Robbins wrote and directed, he played a folk-singing "New Right" Senate candidate who will stop at nothing to get elected.
- In *Cradle Will Rock*, which he also wrote and directed, right-wing know-nothings from the House Un-American Activities Committee stop the Federal Theater Project's production of *The Cradle Will Rock*, a proletarian musical by Communist composer Marc Blitzstein.

The son of an actual folksinger, Gil Robbins of The Highwaymen, Tim Robbins was raised in an atmosphere of leftist protest in Greenwich Village, where his family moved when he was two so that his parents could be more involved in the antiwar movement. Before he was ten, he was taking phone reservations at the Gaslight, the famed Village folk-music club (and exploiter of child labor) that his father managed and sometimes performed at. He studied theater at SUNY and UCLA and has spent his adult life working in the movie business. It seems unlikely that Robbins has had significant contact with conservatives or conservative thought except through the medium of an ideology acquired in childhood and unchallenged through an intellectually cocooned adulthood. (Certainly his horizons have not widened under the influence of his partner, Susan Sarandon, like Robbins a protest enthusiast.)

■

Tim Robbins has absorbed the pessimism and paranoia of latter-day leftism.

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Robbins was raised a Catholic, but in his political theology, he is a Calvinist who believes in a strict form of ideological predestination. Muckraking left-wing reporters, Communist composers, and liberal television producers are moral exemplars, stalwart and selfless truth-tellers. In contrast, capitalists and soldiers, not to mention people who design shopping malls, are irredeemably evil. In Robbins's brightly illuminated moral universe, there are no mysteries shrouding the state of the individual soul: Proof of election—or damnation—lies on the surface, plainly evident to all. In an individual's ideology are displayed the insignia of moral worth.

Unlike his ancestors on the left who believed in the inevitable final triumph of socialism, Robbins has absorbed the pessimism and paranoia of latter-day leftism, in its long convalescence from the rise of Reaganism and the fall of Communism. In Robbins's bleak vision, the bad guys—the capitalists, the soldiers, the shopping-mall designers—usually win. But they don't merely win. They rig the game. The good guys can't win. And the bad guys never have to face the music.

Robbins's Bob Roberts, for example, doesn't just defeat his ultra-liberal opponent, incumbent senator Brickley Paiste (affectingly portrayed by, believe it or not, Gore Vidal), he sandbags him with a too-late-to-answer smear campaign falsely implicating him in a sex scandal. In the same movie, muckraker Bugs Raplin is on the verge of exposing Roberts's links to a conspiracy reminiscent of the Christic Institute's "Secret Team" theory (a theory positing a nefarious government within the U.S. government that smuggled heroin from Indochina and trained death squads in Central America). But before he can publish, he is framed for the (faked) attempted assassination of Roberts himself.

In *Cradle Will Rock*, not only is the plug pulled on Marc Blitzstein's proletarian musical (which actually happened, sort of), but Robbins fabricates a subplot that culminates in a young Nelson Rockefeller conspiring with the famously lowbrow William Randolph Hearst to manipulate the course of art history. The plan? Smother the politically dangerous social-realist art of the '30s by showering money and prestige on politically innocuous formalists.

"I am inspired by dangerous art," Robbins wrote in his introduction to the published screenplay for *Cradle Will Rock*. He probably sees his conspiracy-mongering as a politically combustible probing of the hidden depths of our political headlines and history. But doesn't conspiracy-mindedness, as a style of political thought, represent very nearly the opposite? What are political conspiracy theories, after all, if not rationalizations for defeat and failure? When a self-evidently just cause ends in defeat, how can such failure be explained, except in terms of secret plots?

Conspiracy-mongering is a style that belongs to the politically marginalized and impotent, not the politically dangerous. Robbins's movies have caught the temper of a defeated Left ceaselessly hallucinating, over the last two decades

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or so, conspiracies that explain its failures—from the October Surprise and the Secret Team through the CIA plot to zonk out the inner cities with crack, down to Sid and Hillary's vast right-wing conspiracy and the Florida cops who turned away black voters from the polls in the recent election.

Robbins rose to stardom in *Bull Durham* (1988) as Ebby Calvin "Nuke" LaLoosh, the brash, unseasoned pitching prospect with the 95-mph fastball who can't find home plate with a map. On the strength of his winning performance in one of the great movies of the '80s, Robbins might have made a career for himself as a Ralph Bellamy of the '90s, a big, slack-limbed provincial who never seems to know what he doesn't know. In *Bull Durham*, Kevin Costner's Crash Davis tells Robbins's Nuke, "First lesson: Don't think. Thinking hurts the ballclub."

If only Robbins had listened. But no, he had to think.

One of the things he got to thinking was that he didn't want to be typecast. "After *Bull Durham* I got all the dumb, charming Big Guy things that you could possibly imagine," Robbins has said. "I didn't want to be pigeon-holed like that."

Another thing he thought was that a career dry spell in the early '90s was not, as you might innocently suppose, the predictable result of a string of forgettable roles after *Bull Durham*. (Remember *Tapeheads*? *Cadillac Man*?) No, he thought, he had been effectively blacklisted in reprisal for his anti–Gulf War activism.

"I don't know what keeps you going," he has said of this time. "Faith, I suppose. It was like in 1991, when *Jacob's Ladder* [another paranoid shock movie—a genuinely disturbing one] came out and I figured I'd be fine, but then the Gulf War happened, and I protested against the war. And all of a sudden there was no job for me."

Leaning on his faith, Robbins managed to survive the Desert Storm Blacklist and work again, even triumph. Indeed, in the very next year, he landed the role of Griffin Mill in Robert Altman's critically acclaimed *The Player*, a gleefully malicious satire of Hollywood deal-makers that revived Altman's flagging career. Robbins collected Golden Globe and Cannes Film Festival awards for best actor for his performance as the smoothly amoral studio executive terrorized by a vengeful screenwriter.

Paramount Pictures/Sam Jones

Tim Robbins as the right-wing, folk-singing politician Bob Roberts

After *The Player*, Robbins was hot. Hollywood's powerful Bush-Quayle underground could no longer touch him. He steered his resurgent career hard to the left. No more dumb, charming Big Guy roles for Robbins. No more Nukes.

With his newfound clout, Robbins was able to get *Bob Roberts* made. Although told as a British TV documentary about the Senate campaign of Roberts, little about the movie rings true. Witnesses in congressional hearings, for example, are belligerent, even wrathful, where they should be insincerely obsequious and laboring to maintain their composure. And Gore Vidal's Sen. Brickley Paiste unapologetically flaunts, rather than muffles, his quixotic McGovernism in a statewide, general election, as if Paul Wellstone were the norm rather than the rare exception in Democratic politics.

The utopian hopes and unquestioned faith of the insular political communities that molded Robbins may be appropriate sources of inspiration for folk anthems, academic conferences, and Ralph Nader stump speeches. But for satire? Effective satire is more likely to emerge from experience, bitter knowledge, and disillusionment, as it does, for example, in *The Player*. In *Bob Roberts*, the underlying experience is unlived, and as a result the satire is unearned, unknowing, and mostly unfunny. With a box office gross of $4.3 million, its returns were likewise unremunerative.

In his political films, Robbins has a bad habit of leading the audience. Not content to let his story shape our evaluation of his characters, he poisons us against his reactionary villains with the narrative equivalent of malicious gossip, and sterilizes his progressive heroes. After the release of *Cradle Will Rock*, conservative critics Terry Teachout in *Commentary* and John Podhoretz in *The Weekly Standard* documented in detail Robbins's counterfactual sanitizing of the film's historical characters. The movie, for example, explicitly denies that Blitzstein was a Communist when he composed *Cradle*, when in fact he was, by his own admission. Robbins also has the head of the Federal Theater Project, Hallie Flanagan, piously resist the shutting down of *Cradle*. In reality, Flanagan thought that pressing forward with the provocative play would irresponsibly endanger her federal funding and, thus, her broader goals for the Project.

Cradle is bad history and, worse, bad filmmaking. In cleansing his favored characters of impurities, and scrawling horns and pointed beards on his disfavored characters, Robbins smooths away interior conflict in both and strips them of the capacity to change. They are static and lifeless. And maybe I'm not the best judge, but Robbins's bigotry doesn't even seem to make for good propaganda: The movie leaves the impression that if only there were an occasional decent capitalist or flawed socialist, then maybe capitalism wouldn't be so bad and socialism wouldn't be so great. That

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can't be approved doctrine, can it? *Cradle* grossed a paltry $2.9 million, it is hard to see what it accomplished, other than to create a "teachable moment" for the Right, which might otherwise have forgotten how good party men made such bad art in the '30s.

And yet, the same man who brought us the brain-dead schlock of *AntiTrust*, crayoned caricatures of *Bob Roberts*, and shallow simulacra of *Cradle Will Rock* directed and wrote *Dead Man Walking*. The story of death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet (Sean Penn) and the altruistic and somewhat näive nun, Helen Prejean (Sarandon), who agrees to give him spiritual guidance before his execution, *Dead Man* is a landmark of contemporary realism. Robbins restores humanity to a convicted killer without diminishing his monstrous crime. Indeed, Poncelet recovers his humanity only in taking responsibility for it. At the same time, death-penalty opponents are made to squirm with their surrogate, Sister Prejean, while the parents of one of the murder victims pour forth not only their grief, but also their unappeasable thirst for revenge. They may even find themselves wondering, with Prejean, whether in opposing death for the killer they have forfeited their standing to empathize with the victim's family.

Prejean's discovery of the moral costs implicit in her position lend her story dramatic interest and the authenticity that comes when real stakes are involved. But until Tim Robbins can consistently see around the sides of his own prejudices with the three-dimensional vision of an adult artist, his films are likely to possess neither. They will remain sterile, inert, little-seen, and ultimately inconsequential exercises in ideological self-caressing.

On the subject of political filmmaking, critic Andrew Sarris once made a profession: "Art or revolution. Choose one. I chose art." Tim Robbins probably thinks he has chosen "revolution." But what Robbins doesn't realize is that just because a movie is artless doesn't make it revolutionary. And this may sound harsh, but Tim Robbins is not dangerous. In fact, I would have to argue that he is not worth blacklisting. But of course the final decision in the matter rests, as always, with my co-conspirators. **NR**

■ FILM II ■

Oscar Pre-Mortem

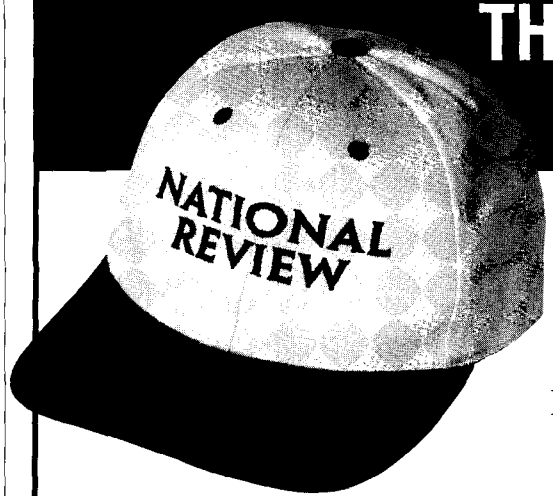
JOHN SIMON

OFTEN as I have commented on the stupidity of the Academy Awards, a periodic swift kick still seems indicated. This year, as every year, the nominations are food for vituperation. Perhaps, when Oscar Night rolls around, this column will help you laugh, lament, or conceivably even nod in approval with me. In such categories as Makeup or Sound, the choices may manage to be sound. For the others, I am less hopeful.

As you may recall, members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as a whole vote only on Best Picture; on Best Foreign Picture only if they deigned to bestir themselves to catch such non-Hollywood products and signed the register. In other categories, it is only the practitioners who get to vote—directors on directing, actors on acting, cinematographers on cinematography, etc.—which strikes me as highly debatable: Wouldn't directors' votes on actors be just as valid as actors'?

But the biggest problem arises when a foreign film gets nominated in a category such as Art Direction, as this year, when Jean Rabasse has been recognized for his splendid work in *Vatel*. Chances are that few Hollywood art directors caught this film, and that even fewer can rise above chauvinism in the voting. That Harvey Weinstein of Miramax, as is his wont, re-edited the film—a euphemism for chopping it to bits—does not help its chances either.

In any case, the Academy's current nominations in the major categories leave much to be desired. For Best Picture, the nominees are the agreeable but bland *Chocolat*, which Miramax has been pushing with lavish hype (never underestimate the honey of freebees); *Erin Brockovich*, a good enough movie by



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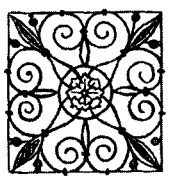
current American standards; *Gladiator*, an overblown Roman epic in the hallowed De Mille tradition (twelve nominations!); *Traffic*, a not uninteresting movie about the drug war in Mexico and the U.S., derived from a British TV series; and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (ten nominations), which I hitherto avoided, but must now reluctantly advert to.

A Taiwanese, Chinese-language movie directed by Ang Lee (who gave us, among others, *Sense and Sensibility* and *The Ice Storm*), it is based on a Chinese novel adapted by two Chinese screenwriters and the American James Schamus. An amalgam of kung fu and magic realism, it is a marriage made in hell. Of all literary genres, I find magic realism the hardest to underrate; of all film genres, kung fu.



The story about a quasi-magic sword and quasi-human heroes and villains fighting over it—actually one hero, two heroines, plus one villainess who also dispenses poisoned darts—is just good enough for children, though it may not be bloody enough for them. The dialogue is not worth mentioning, and people corkscrewing vertically into the air or running up walls, or else jumping from building to building in what is more flying than leaping, does not make my heart leap up.

Not much chance for acting from the film's stick figures, but Zhang Ziyi, the ingenue, is pretty. There are striking landscapes and lavish interiors, expertly shot by Peter Pau. Otherwise, this is hardly deserving of the rare honor of a foreign film being nominated for Best Picture, even if the last time this happened, the picture—Roberto Benigni's *Life Is Beautiful*—was even worse.

By far the finest American film of the year was *You Can Count on Me*, guilty of the sin of not being a Hollywood product and duly unnominated. That it is subtle, adult, and non-formulaic must also have weighed heavily against it. Throw enough sand and sandals, wild beasts and battles in the Teutonic woods onto the screen, and few of those worthy Academicians, nurtured on *Quo Vadis* and *The Sign of the Cross*, will go thumbs down in this arena.

For Best Actor, we are offered Javier Bardem as the Cuban homosexual writer Reinaldo Arenas in *Before Night Falls*, a standard performance hampered by the actor's thick Spanish accent; but picking him shows how politically correct about Hispanics and homosexuals the voters are. Next, Russell Crowe as the brooding hero of *Gladiator*—or as the brooding Russell Crowe—but where were the voters last year when Crowe did more than brood in *The Insider* but lost out anyway? Tom Hanks does all right in *Cast Away*, but standing ovations for Hanks are a cliché by now; no surprises from him, unless it was the strenuous diet he went on for the role. Ed Harris huffs and puffs, and sometimes even rants, as the lead in *Pollock*, a film about the tormented action painter, but a drip is still only a drip. Finally, Geoffrey Rush as the Marquis de Sade in the worthless *Quills*; any savvy, slick actor with a British (or Australian) accent could have done as much.

The astonishingly fresh performance by Mark Ruffalo in *You Can Count on Me*—as a touching drifter who always wants to do right but usually screws up, and who makes you feel the contradictory impulses inside him jostling each other—goes unnoticed. So, too, Alfred Molina's sensitively understated work in the complex role of the mayor in *Chocolat*.

The Best Actress category offers Joan Allen in *The Contender*, an intelligently low-key performance; Juliette Binoche, charming in *Chocolat*; Ellen Burstyn, powerful in the messily self-destructing *Requiem for a Dream*; Laura Linney, devastatingly manifold in *You Can Count on Me*; and Julia Roberts as Julia Roberts—sorry, Erin Brockovich—the flashiest part and, therefore, a likely winner.

Supporting Actor? Jeff Bridges in *The Contender*, Benicio Del Toro in *Traffic*, and especially Albert Finney in *Erin Brockovich* are solid choices. But Willem Dafoe is too campy by half even for a vampire playing a vampire in the ineffably foolish *Shadow of the Vampire*, and Joaquin Phoenix hardly rises from the ashes of *Gladiator*, where the late Oliver Reed is so much better.

Supporting Actress: We go from the sublime Judi Dench in *Chocolat* to the ridiculous Kate Hudson in *Almost Famous*, with Frances McDormand in the latter movie and Julie Walters in *Billy Elliot* somewhere in the middle. Marcia Gay Harden is spot-on in *Pollock*, but the role of Lee Krasner is clearly a lead, unfairly sandwiched in here—an apple among oranges. As for Miss Hudson, her sole (dubious) distinction is being Goldie Hawn's daughter. And no Erika Christensen, so terrific in *Traffic*?

Each foreign country is allowed to submit one film; but what if it has two equally good ones that year? Taiwan picked *Crouching Tiger* over the more deserving *Yi Yi*, thus increasing the former's chances of losing in two categories. (I hope it does.)

For Best Director we have the ubiquitous Ang Lee; *Gladiator*'s Ridley Scott, a filmmaker with little feel for anything but special effects and visual shocks; Stephen Daldry for the decent but sentimental *Billy Elliot*; and Steven Soderbergh, whose two nominations—for *Erin Brockovich* and *Traffic*—may cancel each other out.

I can see no good reason for separating screen adaptations from original screenplays, except that having two categories gives the Academy more consolation prizes to hand out to filmmakers who didn't make it into the Best Picture category. So the dreary Coen Brothers with their wretched *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* and Steve Kloves for his slightly better *Wonder Boys* both get a chance to win (undeservedly), and a bone gets tossed to the deserving Kenneth Lonergan, who wrote as well as directed *You Can Count on Me*, and can probably count on not winning.

The award for Best Original Score should by rights go to that tireless veteran Ennio Morricone for *Malèna*, if for no other reason than for having composed the best imitation of a score by the late great Nino Rota. Best Cinematography is a category hard to assess now that technology is so evolved that no movie can look bad. I am happy, though, that the brilliant Lajos Koltai was nominated for his superb work on *Malèna*, even if his yet more dazzling work for *Sunshine* was, like every aspect of that remarkable film, passed over.

None of this should prevent the Oscars from getting their customary enormous worldwide viewership, which of course has nothing to do with art. If movie stars were involved, and the women showed sufficient flesh, mud wrestling would rack up the same ratings. **NR**

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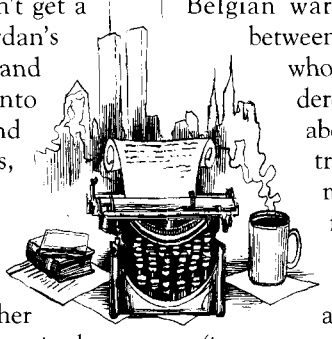
■ CITY DESK ■

The Skinny

RICHARD BROOKHISER

SHOSHANNA LONSTEIN was a peculiarly New York kind of celebrity. She was the teenage girlfriend of Jerry Seinfeld, when everyone watched his TV show. So well known was she in this role that even I, who neither watched the TV show nor went to Moomba (or any of the other then-fashionable spots she frequented), knew who she was. She quickly rose to the level of celebrity where she lost her last name, always appearing in print as "Shoshanna." "Lonstein" became a discarded appendage, like Wojtyla, Windsor, or Lewinsky.

Gossip columnists often casually linked her with Monica, on the grounds that both women were young, Jewish, and known for their boyfriends. The comparison was grossly unfair to Miss Lonstein, for her lover was not our president, not her boss, and not married, while she, it soon became obvious, was not a dolt who couldn't get a job without Vernon Jordan's help. After Shoshanna and Jerry split up, she went into the fashion business and designed a line of clothes, which has found its niche.



She appeared in an ad in the *New York Times* in February, modeling one of her bathing suits. I did not recognize her at first (why would I, never having seen her on the beach?). But I was stopped cold by the ad. It was as startling as a story on peace in the Congo, or Clintons telling the truth. The four-inch high woman on my breakfast table had actual thighs, hips, and breasts. Her arms could not be passed through a napkin ring. Her face was round, without Tartar cheekbones, and her expression was neither sullen nor dead. She was, in short, a pretty version of a normal woman.

The ad was doubly provocative, running during Fashion Week, which celebrates one of the city's few thriving industries. Designers show their new collections, and New York asserts its parity with Paris and Milan. Once upon a time a fashion show meant Princess Grace looking at the latest offerings from Chanel. Now a big top rises in Bryant Park behind the public library, and the designers and supermodels (there are no more plain ol' models) get even more ink than they normally do. The buzz of the last Fashion Week was the war between the

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It is inevitable that New York should be the battleground between normal women and fashion women.

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Brazilians and the Belgians. The allegedly "curvy" Brazilian supermodels, who dominated the catwalks a year ago, were replaced by wan waffle-eaters. After an interregnum of fleshiness, the heroin addict/pedophile victim has resumed her rightful place as the norm of female beauty.

That's what the fashion world was saying. But to the layman, the Brazilian/Belgian war recalled an argument between Stalinists and Trotskyites, who were both despotic murderers even if they squabbled about socialism in one country. Similarly, the cariocas may have one and a half more curves per torso than Magritte's nieces, but to the average unbiased student of women (i.e., to a man) they all look like survivors of the Donner party. Both sets of young women have mile-high gawksome legs, praying-mantis arms, and hips that would actually be comfortable in a modern coach-class airplane seat. Whether or not they have breasts detectable with a carpenter's level is a topographical detail, of interest only to fashionistas.

The only true exception proves the rule. Anna Nicole Smith has enjoyed a moment or two in the modeling sun.

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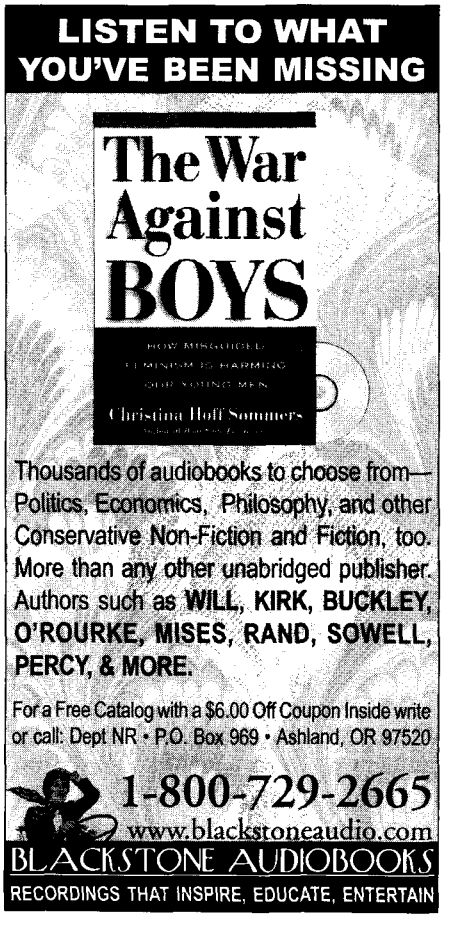
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But she is a 38 DD ex-stripper. In what world, outside the fashion world, could she be considered a legitimate swing of the pendulum? Consider how other famous women, plumper than skeletons but smaller than Macy's Thanksgiving Parade balloons, are written of. A few years ago Alicia Silverstone, the lovely star of *Clueless*, reportedly put on a few pounds; so, more recently, has the supermodel Kate Moss. Neither one has heard the end of it. Jennifer Lopez presently rules the world with such assurance that she shucked her gun-toting lover, Sean "Puffy" Combs, without a blip in her box office. Yet every story about her (except in the *Times*, which still maintains a certain prudery) mentions her big butt. She doesn't have a "big" butt, she has *a* butt, but the world behaves as if she were a sexier version of the Venus of Willendorf.

It is inevitable that New York should be the battleground between normal women and fashion women. As a metropolis, we have, by definition, millions of normal women; as a capital of symbolism, we also have a disproportionate number of fashion women. Los Angeles, home of the movie industry, is another battleground. But starlets are occasionally required to play normal women. As a center of fashion, New York is a realm of will and taste unconstrained by reality.

Whose taste is being served? Conservative folk like to blame gay designers. The rag trade is a magnet for perverts: The late Gianni Versace probably hadn't had a normal sexual desire since the Marshall Plan. But there are also gay designers who like women, and like to make them look as good as prevailing standards will allow. The physics of fabric are probably more significant. It is easier to predict how cloth will fall on a model who looks like a hanger.

Feminists would blame the patriarchy. Certainly the archetypal fashion woman suggests an issue of control. Traditional pornographic delivery systems, from centerfolds to online images, are two-dimensional. Why not have two-dimensional women too?

But, sisters, I am afraid the real control freaks are women themselves. You can't become that thin without a lot of hard work. So too, if you work hard, you can become unhealthily thin. If you're not thin, how will anyone know that you're working? Kant believed that virtue could be demonstrated only by the performance of painful acts; who knew that the sage of Königsberg would find his apotheosis in Bryant Park?

Meanwhile, walk the city streets the other 51 weeks of the year, and see the women (especially the poor women) sadly stuffing themselves with Fritos and oversized Cokes. They've given up on will; they just want consolation. Shoshanna has her opportunities cut out for her. **NR**

■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

The Book of Marriage: The Wisest Answers to the Toughest Questions, edited by Dana Mack and David Blankenhorn (Eerdmans, 636 pp., $30)

"IT is our firm belief," write Dana Mack and David Blankenhorn, "that a successful marriage is in a real sense the finishing school of civic education." *The Book of Marriage* was born out of research conducted by the Institute for American Values, which found that high-school and college textbooks typically present marriage as little more than "a private contract between two individuals" to be viewed through the prism of "health" and "self-esteem." Seeking to restore a fuller understanding of this beleaguered institution, Mack and Blankenhorn have brought together readings on marriage from sources ranging from classical philosophy to the latest social-science research.

Both philosophical and practical, *The Book of Marriage* asks not only big questions such as "What is marriage?" but also smaller ones, such as "How do we handle money?" and "What about when we fight?" Aristotle advises that orderly households are essential for a successful polity. Martin Luther counsels "hen-pecked" husbands to act as leaders in the home. And Bill Cosby explains how couples who resemble "two UN delegates whose headphones have jammed" can avoid going to bed angry. In the spirit of Leon and Amy Kass's recent anthology on courtship, *Wing to Wing, Oar to Oar*, Mack and Blankenhorn have produced not only the perfect textbook for a course on marriage but a fruitful gift for a teen or a young couple and a helpful guide for a parent or preacher.

—KATHRYN JEAN LOPEZ

Selling the Free Market: The Rhetoric of Economic Correctness, by James Arnt Aune (Guilford, 215 pp., $23.95)

JAMES ARNT AUNE, a self-proclaimed "old-fashioned socialist" rhetorician from Pennsylvania State University, aims to refute "both the language and the logic of the market revolution." He promises something potentially valuable: a scholarly assessment of free-market argumentation that isn't strictly economic or ethical. Aune summarizes the argumentative techniques and conclusions of conservative and libertarian thinkers and popularizers, giving special attention to Ronald Reagan, Richard Posner, Ayn Rand, Robert Nozick, Murray Rothbard, and Charles Murray. But he's not out to help his readers understand these writers and their arguments; instead he is here to deplore them. Rather than those of the rhetorician, his complaints are those of any mainstream liberal who assumes government action beats markets.

Aune disagrees strongly with free-marketeers, blaming them for cramped airline cabins and the S&L crisis of the '80s, among other sins. He thinks radical free-market philosophy dominates modern policy debate. And he falls back on attacks the likes of which have made the word "cheap" rhetoric's constant companion.

He makes a few references to his opponents' use of metaphor and anaphora, but he seems more at home impugning their motives. For example, because Charles Murray believes in freedom of association, "what [he] really wants is to restore the Old South." He also freely practices ad hominem and guilt-by-association tactics: It is "one short step from [libertarian economist] Rothbard to Timothy McVeigh." He doesn't analyze, merely insults. Would Cicero approve? —BRIAN DOHERTY

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Capitalist Unction

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16

WELL, catch Warren Buffett! He is worried that the estate tax might be eliminated. Mr. Buffett, who is reported to be the fourth richest man in America, isn't going to wait for Congress to take his advice to maintain the tax. He will do it himself! For himself! He has told the awaiting world that he intends to leave his own children only "a pittance." It is wonderful how, faced with the current challenge, he can cope with such mature decisiveness over his own affairs: give his children a pittance and leave the rest of his estate to be taxed by the government. Indeed, he can go further. One motive for his stand against the repeal of the death tax is his concern for private charities. Well, he can deed *all* of his estate to private charity. Once again, he is demonstrating sovereignty over his own affairs.

There is the problem that this does not satisfy him, not by any means. He wishes not only to restrict his children to a pittance, and to dispatch his earnings to the government and to private charity. He wishes that others should do so. He wishes to make his preferences a matter of law, enforceable even on others who have different priorities.

And he is not alone in the pleading to derail the movement to end the estate tax. He is garishly accompanied by 120 of the super-wealthy in America. They include: George Soros, who got there by selling the British pound short a dozen years ago, without marked concern for those poor people who held their savings in pounds they thought durable in value; and without high scorn for government policies whose fiscal and monetary policies had the effect of a capital levy on everyone who owned a pound. Debauching the currency, Lord Keynes acknowledged, only governments can do; David Rockefeller, protesting a return to the tax code that gave the Rockefellers their great launch in life (Mr. Rockefeller has been an exemplary citizen, with only the one reservation, that he is often eager to contrive for government to appropriate the savings of non-Rockefellers). Also William Gates the First, who was wealthy even before William the Second conquered the entire world. He is concerned that the elimination of the death tax would do two things: straiten the returns of charities, and demoralize nascent entrepreneurs.

What this says is that if you leave a million dollars to your son, you run the risk of extinguishing his acquisitive energies. Instead of applying himself as a neo-capitalist, inventing things and organizing people and generating great commercial ideas, he will retire to his yacht and golf club and dissipate that acquisitive exuberance without which we would not have a world with such in it as Warren Buffett and Bill Gates.

A different view of things propelled Congress to pass last year a measure to end the estate tax. That measure was endorsed by Republicans and many Democrats, though not by enough to circumvent Mr. Clinton's veto. The reasoning was based on several assumptions. One of them was that estate taxes levy against property that has already been taxed, a kind of double-jeopardy objection. A second was that in order to pay the tax, beneficiaries are often required to dissolve or dismember small enterprises, notably farms and businesses. A third was that in order to avoid or mitigate the tax, people who are subject to it reorder the closing years of their lives in such a way as results in profligate spending and maladroit investments, leaving heirs with less than such accumulations as might finance investments that would increase the national product.

President Bush has the problem of priorities, to be sure. He has his big tax-reduction plan, which seeks general mitigations, and there are those who will be telling him that to eliminate the estate tax on top of the general tax reduction is to dilute the political appeal of his package.

Mr. Bush could tell Congress that he reiterates his recommendation to repeal the estate tax, but that pending other matters—and with apologies for those who will die in the meantime—he is prepared to settle for interim relief: Let the estate tax be reduced to 20 percent. Maybe there would be some way around the constitutional prohibition against a bill of attainder, in which case Congress could vote to keep it at 55 percent for Warren Buffett and George Soros and, to avoid class distinctions, anyone else who applies for that special privilege.

What About Negative Stereotypes?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20

FOR years and at different levels we've gotten fired up by the fear of creeping social estrangement. The "quest for community" was one great expression of this fear, and recent misgivings on the matter of bilingual education and the centrifugalization of America are often heard. One division of this social quandary is racial profiling, what it says, and what it does. John Derbyshire, writing in NATIONAL REVIEW, has brilliantly examined the question and its implications.

We're reminded that racial profiling went mainstage in a public debate between Vice President Gore and nomination challenger Bill Bradley. The scene, New York's Apollo Theatre, February 2000. The debate turned to the shooting of innocent African immigrant Amadou Diallo by New York City police. Sen. Bradley said, "I . . . think it reflects . . . racial profiling that seeps into the mind of someone so that he sees a wallet in the hand of a white man as a wallet, but a wallet in the hand of a black man as a gun." He promised that if he were nominated and elected, he would, by executive order, "eliminate racial profiling at the federal level."

How would one phrase such an executive order? How would it have applied in Chicago, in the matter of LaTanya Haggerty? She was shot dead in June 1999 by a Chicago policewoman who

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mistook her cell phone for a handgun. The policewoman was, like Ms. Haggerty, black.

Mr. Derbyshire says that it is true that there are negative stereotypes, but that these are acted upon because they can be correct, and useful. Stereotypes, in sociological research, are held up as "essential life tools." They introduce "the reality function." "Confronted with a snake or a fawn, our immediate behavior is determined by generalized beliefs—stereotypes—about snakes and fawns." Without the capacity to make generalizations, the guidance of common sense would be forfeited.

Sandra Seegars of the Washington, D.C., Taxicab Commission testified, "Late at night, if I saw young black men dressed in a slovenly way, I wouldn't pick them up. . . . And during the day, I'd think twice about it." This arrant reflection of late-night realities on Washington streets provoked hard questioning. Define *slovenly*, she was asked. She replied, "A young black guy with his hat on backwards, shirttail hanging down longer than his coat, baggy pants down below his underwear, and unlaced tennis shoes." Ms. Seegars, who is black, would say that yes, racial equality is a good thing, and yes, it costs something, but driving at night in Washington, she's not willing to pay the cost.

The Supreme Court is not blind to reasonable distinctions. If race is only one factor in the questioning of suspects, it can be authorized. The critical point is: No one should be detained or questioned where race is the single distinguishing element. "I have been unable to locate any statistics on the point, but I feel sure that elderly black women are stopped by the police much less often than are young white men."

Among the new attorney general's challenges is to insist resolutely that due process be affirmed, without emasculating elementary approaches to crime detection.

Where Do We Go Now with Clinton?

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23

WHERE on earth do we go, in the matter of Bill Clinton? President Bush is nicely philosophical when he tells the press that he is up to his keister in things to do and that we must move onward: i.e., attempt a launch that frees us from mundane concerns over the life and times and tribulations of Bill and Hillary. There are, of course, those who think that President Bush is having us on. One reporter says that White House aides are gleeful over the turn of events. Perhaps a retaliatory prankster will invade the quarters of the Executive Office Building and jiggle the computers so that when you type out the word Clinton you get a mug shot of Bill on your screen and, as text, "Wanted: For Bribery and Theft. Last Seen Disavowing Brother-in-Law."

It is fair, I think, to give a pass to conservatives on this round of Clinton-dismay. We did our best for years and years, contributing even an impeachment. The effect on the voting public was zero. Now suddenly the Gallup poll shows Mr. Clinton nose-diving from his high-altitude permanent home at 63 percent approval to 42 percent. Analysts wonder how that can be. Florence King, writing in NATIONAL REVIEW, comes up with an explanation. She speaks of the "eleventh-hour kleptomania committed by departing Clintonians aboard Air Force One. More Americans were more shocked by the theft of silverware, dishes, and blankets than ever cared about Monica, Whitewater, and Chinagate combined."

And she recalls the famous Lizzie Borden. That's the lady remembered in Bartlett's *Quotations* with, "Lizzie Borden took an ax / And gave her mother forty whacks; / When she saw what she had done / She gave her father forty-one!" "The citizens of Fall River, Massachusetts, reacted the same way when Lizzie Borden was accused of shoplifting twelve years after being acquitted of double homicide. You know God's in his heaven and all's right with the world when rock-ribbed Yankees shake their heads and grumble 'Murder is one thing, but . . .'"

Scarcely a day goes by without a disavowal from a Clinton. The paramount figure is Marc Rich. Mr. Clinton selected the most august confessional in America and wrote to the *New York Times* averring that Rich, Inc.,'s contributions to sundry Clinton causes had nothing, nothing to do with the pardon's being granted. But people asked themselves, reasonably: Okay, let's take Bill at his word, that there was no formal quid pro quo. But then ask yourselves the question: Suppose that Denise Rich had never given money to the Clinton complex—would Marc Rich have been given five minutes' time on pardon day?

It isn't only money that moved the Rich lobby. Last week, Rabbi Eric Yoffie, who is president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, having reflected for a week over pleadings by some Jewish leaders, notably former prime minister Barak, on behalf of Rich, wrote an editorial for Jewish weeklies: "We should be ashamed of ourselves. We have undermined our community's moral fabric, jeopardized our political standing, disillusioned our youth and compromised the sacred values of our tradition." Rabbi Yoffie regrets the transubstantiation of money given to Jewish charities by Mr. Rich into entitlement by Mr. Rich to a pardon. But although Mr. Barak et al. should regret their importunities, it is generally understood that it is only because Clinton is the kind of person who has a Mafia-type sense of favors given, favors returned, that he was approached in the first instance. It is unlikely that Mr. Barak would have telephoned President Carter in similar circumstances.

The rejection by Mrs. Clinton of her brother, Hugh Rodham, is more thunderous than anything she ever directed at Monica. She spoke of her broken-hearted disapproval, of the terrible misjudgment, of her deep disappointment. So he gave the money back. What does that tell us about the implicit circumstances of the money's having been offered and accepted in the first place? It is conceivable that Bill and Hillary knew nothing about the involvement of Hugh. But only just barely.

Where will the dismay end? An investment firm last week cancelled a proposed appearance by Clinton as guest speaker, even as Morgan Stanley a week before expressed its regrets at having hosted him. It is the feel of silver, the tawdry acquisition of which really hurts, whether in charities to Israel or law fees to Rodham or pots and pans stolen from the White House.

Miss King reminds us of Thomas De Quincey, who wrote, "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination."

And from there to the Gallup underground, leaving faithful Democrats with the question, What do we do about it?

Answer: Get rid of Terry McAuliffe.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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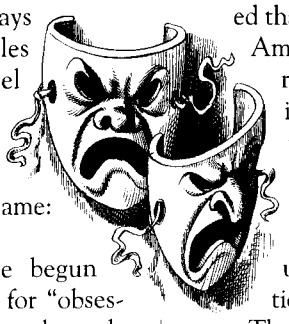
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

THE words "new neurosis" are oxymoronic because the tics and twitches of humankind are eternal. They are also universal, so imagine my joy on finding a twofer: a virgin forest of deadly nightshade with a signpost reading "Only in America."

It's so new they don't even have a name for it yet. Calling it "collecting" or "hoarding," as two recent newspaper features did, is a pathetic understatement. The world has always had collectors—John Fowles wrote a bestselling novel about one—and there are so many people who never throw anything out that they long ago acquired a name: pack rats.



Psychologists who have begun studying it call it "OCD," for "obsessive-compulsive disorder," but that pales beside the behavior involved, which is to "disorder" as Bill Clinton is to "fib." Yes, this really is a new neurosis, and so American that the best way to describe it is to lapse into the literary style of Helen Gurley Brown. It's about people who *never* throw *anything* out, who save *everything,* no matter how icky-sticky-poo-poo it is, until somebody calls the *Health Department*!!!

To call such people slobs is to miss the point. Slobs might be messy but they also have a social life, so that when a big date is looming they pull themselves together and neaten up. OCDs, on the other hand, don't have to worry about what people will think because nobody can get in the house, including firemen.

Open the front door and you risk being buried under a landslide of old newspapers. The house is literally packed to the rafters with a mountain range of stuff that normal people throw out. The OCD navigates around it by a series of narrow cleared paths, like the trenches of World War I, past old Christmas trees, stacks of unopened junk mail, empty blister packs that once held baloney and batteries, used printer ribbons (and predating them, used typewriter ribbons), hundreds of expired grocery coupons, plastic forks that come with take-out food, TV-dinner trays, margarine tubs, pieces of broken dishes, burned-out light bulbs, and in some extreme cases, old cigarette butts, used paper napkins, and even used toilet paper.

It's shaping up into a great little mental-health crisis, complete with the usual exculpatory language. It is estimated that OCD afflicts some 2 million Americans, undoubtedly of all races and creeds, but this figure is probably low because OCD is, of course, underreported. Its victims almost never seek treatment, naturally, so only about 5 percent come to light, usually through health violations or eviction.

The problem, needless to say, goes back to their childhoods; most lived in a home with a hoarder and learned bad choices. OCD can be treated, but not with force, like the man who rented an industrial Dumpster and backed it up to his mother's door. Nor does it do any good to offer to help them clear out the mess because they have to reread all the expired coupons. They might also start "churning"—the psychologists' term for moving their detritus from one pile to another to fake tossing it out.

Treatment consists of a long, slow program in which the threatening subject of throwing things away is never mentioned. Instead the facilitator emphasizes the importance of understanding their motivations, taking them on visits to dumps and yard sales, guiding them through a series of mental exercises until they lose their fear of making decisions and develop what will no doubt be called "discarding skills." At the end they mark their successes with little signs reading "This is a flat, clear surface."

But they still won't understand themselves and consequently will slide back into chaos because neither they nor their earnest facilitators will admit that America is the root cause of their behavior:

1. Nowadays, being ready and willing to make a decision about *anything* is all it takes to be called "judgmental."

2. There's a name for thinking that a torn dishrag is worth keeping. It's called "equality."

3. When the word "inclusion" is rammed home in every public statement, some people will develop a warped need to see how much they can include. OCDs are merely insuring that no blister pack is left behind.

4. They harbor a repressed, politically incorrect lust for revenge on the criminal class and OCD is an acceptable form of emotional displacement: They know that if a rapist managed somehow to get inside their houses, he would be suffocated in a barrel of plastic bags or impaled on a splintered mop handle.

Articles about OCD fill me with hungry glee because I have the opposite neurosis: obsessive-compulsive spartanism (OCS). So does one of my favorite novelists, Kathleen Winsor, who described our common persuasion to perfection:

> What a relief it was to have anything done, finished, over with for good. So you could throw it out of your life and forget it and go on to something new. Some of her happiest moments had been spent cleaning out closets or drawers, throwing things away, knowing that whatever the symbolism they had had for her, she was destroying it. Each time she finished with something or someone and knew that she had finished forever, it gave her in some sense the illusion of having been granted a new beginning to life."

Whether it be possessions or people, my motto is "The more there is, the more there is." I ache to hang a "This is a flat, clear surface" sign on the whole world. Give me a box of big green garbage bags and a baling hook and I'm one happy misanthrope. Now that I've donated nearly all of my literary papers, my surroundings are acquiring that impersonal emptiness I've always craved. But it's still not enough, so I've decided to start my own disorderly-house consultation service for OCDs. It won't interfere with my writing; in fact, it will help it by keeping my name in front of the public via my website: www.letmeatyourFKinghouse.com. **NR**

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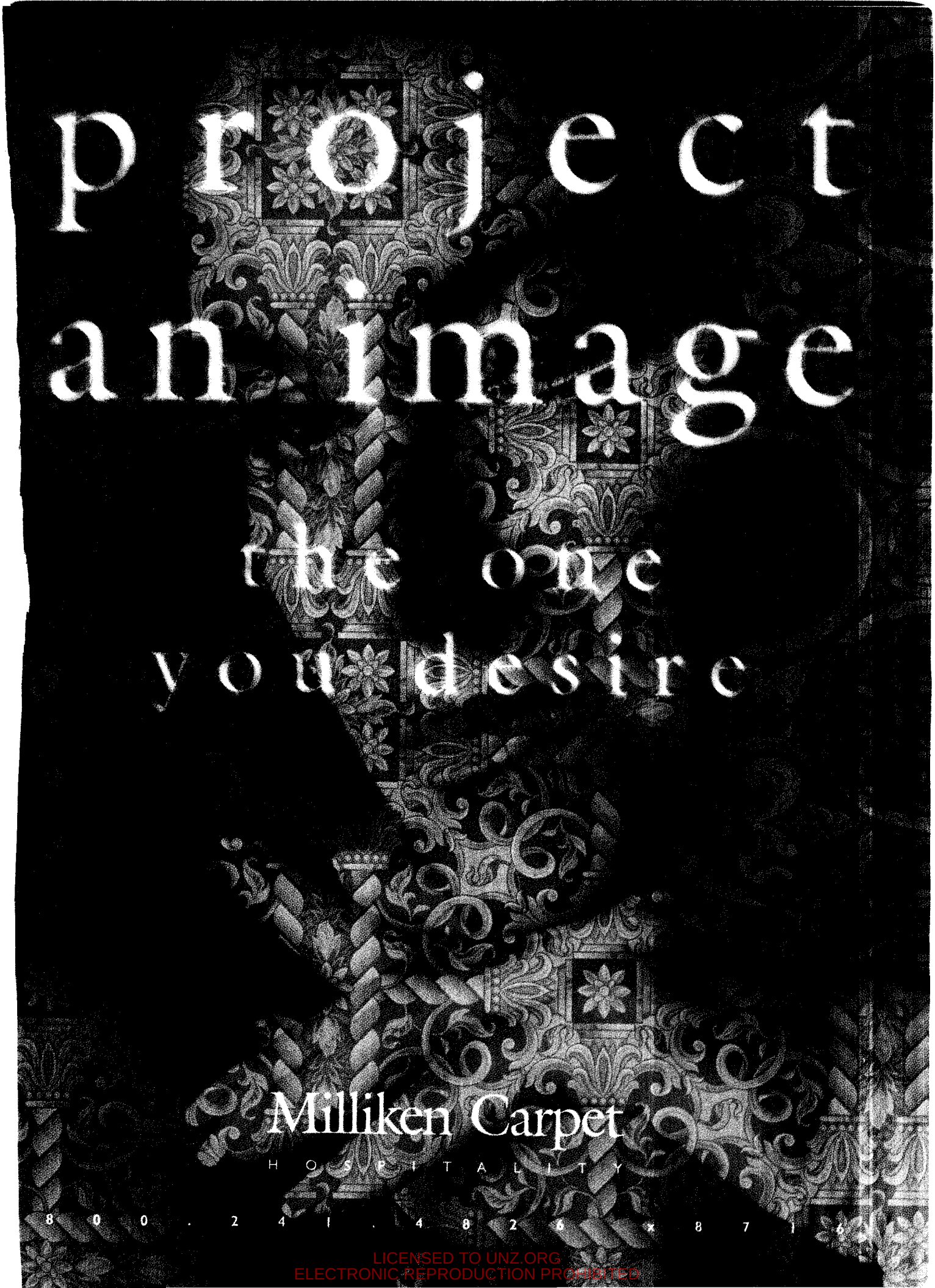

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The Informed Traveler

5th *in a series*

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Like the additional choices that will come from over 500 more routes we'll offer travelers.

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Given the competitive nature of the airline industry, we think other airlines may react to these fares.

We believe our proposed acquisition of US Airways makes a lot of sense for a lot of good reasons. Including 125,000 competitive airfares.

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